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Ely P. Barlow



ANTI-DELPHINE.



A NOVEL.



ANTI - DELPHINE.

A Novel.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

MRS. BYRON,

AUTHOR OF THE BORDERERS, DRELCINCOURT AND RODALVI,
&c. &c.

What is this world? thy school, oh misery!
Where every man is sent to learn to suffer:
And who knows not that was born for nothing.

YOUNG.

VOL. II.

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ANTI-DELPHINE.

LETTER XXXVI.

Henry de Tourville to Madame de St. Edmund.

Belle-vue.

Do not, Eugenia, be displeased that I should presume to write to you without even asking your permission; alas! it is a favour which I durst not request, as I could not have submitted to a refusal of it.

I trust, however, that you will not deny me the pleasure of this imagi-

nary intercourse ; you must know too well the paucity of my enjoyments, to deprive me of the only remaining one which I can value. Promise then, my Eugenia, that you will, by your correspondence console me for the loss of your society, and I will promise in return that my letters shall not be made the vehicles for the expression of an unhappy passion, to the gratification of which, fate has fixed an irrevocable bar. Unfortunate moment in which I first beheld you ! From that moment I bowed to the imperious dominion of love, whose insidious wiles were hidden for a time, under the most flattering forms of happiness. Too soon the disguise was laid aside, and I saw myself a slave for life, bound to adore an object whose destiny was to make me miserable.

Any

Any other misfortune I could have borne with more fortitude : had I been afflicted with the loss of friends, I should indeed have had little merit in resignation ; for of what friends could I have long felt the loss, whilst possessing one before whom every sensation of benevolence is exalted into rapture ! Had I been depressed by poverty, ambition would have roused, and hope sustained me ; my fortune should have risen on the foundation of my own endeavours ; success might have crowned my laudable industry, and then I would have looked proudly round and said,

“ That man is truly noble,
And justly may he call that wealth his own,
Which his deserts have purchased.”

But for the frightful void of the heart,
what remedy remains ? All the efforts

which I make to remove it, are accompanied by a conviction of their futility; and the gloomy concurrence of despair, prevents me from trying those which might prove more powerful. Ah, my Eugenia, is it a slight trial to be thus condemned so early in life to unhappiness, when the world lay in beautiful perspective before me, and every object appeared more attractive from its distance,—in a moment to see the sky overcast, the surrounding landscape lost in gloom, and night advance without a hope of the fair prospects of the morn being realized?

But let me not forfeit my word in the very commencement of our correspondence; I will draw my attention from a subject ever painfully the first in my thoughts, by sending you some stanzas, which, for simplicity
and

and pathos, I have rarely seen equalled; they are the production of an old Irish bard, and shew that mankind at all times, and in all countries has known unhappiness, and that the unhappy will have similar feelings in every age, and in every climate.

“ Ah what woes are mine to bear

“ Life’s fair morn with clouds o’ercasting,

“ Doom’d the victim of despair,

“ Youth’s gay bloom with sorrow blasting ?

“ Sad the bird that sings alone,

“ Flies to wilds unseen to languish,

“ Pours unheard the ceaseless moan,

“ And wastes on desert air its anguish.

“ Mine, oh hapless bird ! thy fate,

“ The plunder’d nest, the lonely sorrow,

“ The lost, the lov’d harmonious mate,

“ The wailing night, the cheerless morrow.

“ Oh, thou dear hoard of treasur’d love,

“ Tho’ these fond arms should ne’er possess thee,

“ Still, still my heart shall faithful prove,

“ And its last sigh shall breathe to bless thee.”

I am

I am sure that you will admire these verses, my Eugenia: I am sure that you will be particularly pleased with the pretty image of the bird; its solitary grief struck my heart. Send me your critique, my dear cousin, we will maintain quite a literary correspondence, and will finish in it the course of English reading, which we had so happily begun. It is melancholy to reflect how few are the real enjoyments which life affords! Still more melancholy is it to see how soon we may be deprived of those which are the most innocent and exalted. Alas! my Eugenia, how blest might we have been together; how perfect might have been the union of our hearts; but though love has struck us with his leaden dart, friendship may afford balm for our wounds; under her mild influence we may recover the tranquillity of which we have been
deprived

deprived by the tyrant power that has so cruelly persecuted us ; and with the alleviation she can offer, I will teach my heart to be contented : write to me then, Eugenia, for the sake of my parents, who so tenderly love you, and who are wretched when they behold my changed appearance, and altered spirits. Ah ! I shall not easily forget the cause, nor shall I seek to forget it. I will nurse it by tender remembrance, until my pleasures and pains become so intimately connected that I shall be unwilling to separate them.

Adieu ! Until I hear from you, remember how long the intermediate moments will appear to your sincere friend, and affectionate cousin,

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER XXXVII.

Madame de St. Edmund to Madame de Tourville.

Paris, Sainte Marie.

I HAVE received a letter, my dear madam, from your son, in which I presume you know that he solicits me to enter into a correspondence with him. It wounds me to the heart to refuse his request; yet I will appeal to you, my dear aunt, would it be prudent, would it be delicate, would it be honourable in me to accede to it? I am sure that you will acquit me of any affectation of prudery in my decision.

cision to the contrary; my own feelings plead only too strongly in his behalf; but when right or wrong is the question, it is a great fault to temporize in our answer; we may deceive others, we may endeavour to deceive ourselves, but the endeavour will be fruitless. Henry and I should indeed be egregiously deceived, could we imagine that our correspondence would always consist merely of literary or indifferent subjects; no, my dear aunt, “out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth will speak;” ours are too full to be trusted; mine is almost breaking, but I will not relieve it by plunging myself deeper into error. Already I have committed too great an injustice to my husband, by the involuntary disposal of my affections; let me not increase my fault, by a wilful continuance in it. Seneca has said, that to see a good man strug-

gling with adversity, was a spectacle on which even the gods looked down with pleasure ; let it not be thought a less noble trial to struggle with passions and inclinations which are opposite to the interests of virtue. I trust that Heaven will strengthen the endeavour to conquer mine, and will graciously pardon the weakness which may be evinced in the attempt.

Inform Henry, my dear madam, of my refusal. I hope he will not be offended with it, or made unhappy by it. Alas ! a sense of propriety wrings it from me, and I trust that he will acquiesce in its necessity. Already the idea of his unhappiness preys on my weakened spirits, and they would be utterly unequal to the reproach of my having contributed to increase it.

Clementina is rapidly recovering
her

her health and spirits; her returning smiles sometimes diffuse momentary sunshine over the gloom of my heart, for you know, my dear aunt, how I dote on my beloved sister, and how intimately my happiness is connected with her's: my mother bequeathed her to my care, smiling even in death, as I promised never to forsake her; and that angelic smile yet seems to reward me for every exertion which I make to appear cheerful in her presence. Alas! it is only in appearance that I can be so; and from you, my dear aunt, I will not attempt to hide the chagrin which devours me.

M. de St. Edmund, whose return I had hoped would confirm all my best resolutions, has deferred it until the possibility of it is now precluded; as the decree issued some time since, declaring all those enemies to their country,

country who did not return to it within a period now past, is most rigorously enforced. The frontiers are strictly watched, and any endeavour to elude the vigilance of those appointed to guard them, must be attended with imminent danger of discovery, which might be productive of the most fatal consequences. Unfortunate, misguided man ! he has banished himself from the country to which he might have been an ornament. Perhaps the obstacles which oppose his return will awaken in him a desire to surmount them ; perhaps when he sees himself separated from his wife, by a power stronger than his own inclinations, he may wish anxiously to return to her ; but conviction comes too late, when the repentance it produces is unavailing.

My poor father visits us every day.

His

His looks penetrate into my soul, and I fear he sees through the thin disguise in which my feelings are enveloped. When I recollect the retired life which he led for four years after my mother's death, devoting himself entirely to us, making our improvement and happiness his sole study ; offering consolation to us for our loss, even when he most required it himself. When I see him now, from anxiety for our safety and comfort, totally regardless of his own, I feel doubly desirous to hide the feelings of my heart from him who is entitled to my tenderest filial affection and who would shrink in sorrow from the contemplation of my sufferings.

Adieu ! my dear aunt ; grant me the consolation of hearing frequently from
you,

you, for your letters are every day
more valuable to your's.

most sincerely,

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Henry de Tourville to Madame de St. Edmund.

Belle-vue.

CRUEL Eugenia ! will you render my whole life a blank, will you deprive me of the only remaining stimulus to existence ? Your letters would teach me to emulate your virtues ; they would heal my lacerated heart, and you refuse them to me !

Consider the solitude in which I live ; my father aged, infirm, and deaf, reluctantly submitted to my long absence in England, and looked forward
to

to my return as to the completion of his wishes. I cannot, must not leave him again, so soon. My mother, ever kind and amiable, weeps on seeing the unhappiness which, in spite of my efforts to disguise it, possesses my whole soul; yet if I hint the necessity of seeking to overcome it by change of scene, and active employment, her tears flow faster, and she conjures me not to estrange myself from my father again, ere he is well convinced of my return. Thus my days pass away in joyless uniformity; and I feel all the active powers of my mind fast sinking under the pressure of despair; I cannot describe my sensations, and if I could, it appears that they would not excite your pity. All the restlessness of hope and the bitterness of disappointment by turns are mine. I wander incessantly in the fields, and when I am obliged to be in the house, I take my seat

seat in your favourite little window, which commands a view of the road : there I wait anxiously for some event that may interest me, for some occurrence that may rouse me from the dreadful state of mental languor into which I have fallen. I cannot paint my situation as I would ; alas ! I can only feel : yet you do not pity me, Eugenia ; your rigid virtue stifles the soft sympathies of the heart, and you wish me to forget you, as easily as you have forgotten me.

Oh fatal day on which we first met !
Oh fatal beauty, that dazzled my perceptions ! Deceitful softness, which, adding charms to that beauty, gave promise, alas ! how ill performed ! of the most tender sensibility !

I mean not to censure you, Eugenia ; nor can I censure myself. I
loved

loved you imperceptibly ; I betrayed my love involuntarily : is it just to punish me for what even the severest could not deem a crime ? And yet, were I the most atrocious of criminals, you could not treat me with more rigour. Depart not, my Eugenia, so widely from the natural tenderness of your disposition ; behave to me as you would to any other person in affliction ; pity my distresses, teach me to rise superior to them ; be to me a friend and sister ; let me gradually forget my unhappy passion, and suffer your friendship to reward my resignation of your love. Consider seriously what I have said ; I am sure you will. Ah ! my Eugenia, may your gentle soul never experience for one moment the agonies which now rend mine, and which can only be relieved by your aid ; you are able to pour balm into my wounds, surely you will not
irritate

irritate them. I have a right to demand different treatment from you, on the score of relationship, exclusive of your friendship for my mother. If you still persist in a conduct, of which I cannot but think myself undeserving. I must make a more vigorous effort to shake off the abject lethargy into which my senses are rapidly falling. There is yet a voice, which shall not call me in vain : my country demands the services of all her sons, and I will stand among the foremost of them, to free her from the chains in which she has too long been held.

In such a cause little merit will result from the sacrifice of a wretched life, burthensome to its owner ; but I may thus save that of some happier man, to whom existence may be endeared by a thousand tender ties, which I can never know.

Adieu !

Adieu ! Eugenia ; even your strict ideas of propriety cannot be offended by my subscribing myself your friend and relative,

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER XXXIX.

Madame de St. Edmund to Henry de Tourville.

Sainte Marie, Paris.

AND am not I also unhappy? Alas! Henry, you know little of my heart if you think I can be otherwise; yet I am rendered more so by your forcing me to an action, which my head and heart equally condemn; I cannot but feel at this moment, that I am unjust to M. de St. Edmund; I ungenerously take the advantage of his absence, in
doing

doing that which I should blush were he to find me employed in.

My dear cousin, we cannot command happiness; but virtuous conduct we may, and it will not finally lose its reward. Let us not deceive ourselves by hesitating between right and wrong: their paths are distinctly marked, and the error which mistakes them must be wilful. Your wish that I may never feel the agonies by which you are overpowered, is vain—I am already a prey to them. You say I do not pity you: alas! what pity is so genuine as that which springs from similarity of suffering? In weeping over your unhappiness, I lament my own. Could the walls of the gardens of Sainte Marie tell you the anguish they have witnessed in me, you would not accuse me of insensibility. When I awake in the morning, I feel an oppression on my heart, for which I can scarcely account,

count, till returning memory sadly informs me of the cause; I rise languid and depressed, looking forward with disgust to a tedious day, in which I have no hope of feeling interested. I fly to prayer, and intreat that aid from heaven, which on earth I cannot find. The solemn strains of devotional music harmonize my soul: my grief melts into tears, and, relieved by them, I indulge the enthusiasm which the surrounding scene inspires. I behold the magnificent edifice in which we meet, mouldering on every side under the hand of time; I see monumental trophies erected to preserve the remembrance of those long since at rest, of noble families whose very names are erased from the memories of the living, and of acts of valour long since forgotten by that posterity for whose benefit they were performed. The untimely death of youth and beauty,
the

the protracted years of age and affliction, have all ceased to be lamented ; and those who mourned in anguish over them, are now also at rest. I endeavour to find consolation by contemplating the uncertain and transitory state of worldly things, and by reflecting how near to each of us may be that moment, when, purified from error, we shall be relieved from suffering.

When my feelings are reasoned into calmness, I wander through the extensive gardens belonging to the convent : my heart expands amidst the beauties of nature ; I gaze at the fleecy clouds, and wish to know if they assume the same fantastic shape at Belle-vue as they appear in at Sainte Marie. But your letters overthrow all my calmness, and shake my fortitude to its foundation : then giving way

way to my griefs, I weep, I wring my hands, and casting my eyes to heaven, I implore that my sorrows may cease, or that my perceptions of them may become less acute. Oh, my dear Henry, you see that my denial of your request is wholly selfish. How difficult is it to know the real motives of actions ! you accuse me of being actuated by too rigid virtue, in refusing to correspond with you, and I willingly flattered myself that my refusal originated solely in virtuous motives ; but the anguish which your letters awaken in me, makes me suspect that regard to my own tranquillity alone supports me in my resolution. Let me then entreat you, Henry, if you value my peace of mind, disturb it not. I ask this forbearance as a favour which I implore you to grant, and to pass over in silence the weakness which renders it necessary. I confide in your honour not to in-

crease a passion already too lively for my repose. In return I will consider you as my friend and brother, but not until my heart cease to beat quicker at the mention of your name; not until my eyes can meet yours with firmness; not until my voice shall no longer tremble in addressing you, for not until that time shall I have ceased to love. I have now, Henry, opened to you my whole heart; your compassion will pity the weakness, which your generosity will scorn to abuse.

Adieu! my beloved cousin; may success crown our laudable efforts, and reward them with a sincere and virtuous friendship, which shall end but with our lives.

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER XL.

*Monsieur de St. Edmund to Madame de St.
Edmund.*

Chamberri.

I CANNOT forbear thinking, my beloved wife, that my errors are at this moment too severely punished; I am now standing on the outermost edge of Italy; a few steps would restore me to my country, and to my Eugenia; but these steps I am forbidden to take.

I could submit more patiently to
c 2 this

this heavy punishment of my follies, if the same revolution which keeps me in banishment, did not inspire me with the most lively fears for the safety of my wife, who may most require her husband's protection now, when he is utterly unable to afford it. Much loved, much injured woman, forgive me my past neglect, which I will repair at the hazard of my life. Yes! I will return to France, I will clasp my matchless Eugenia to my bosom, never, never more to forsake her. Believe me when I declare, that I have never been really happy since I first left you: I looked with rapture to my return. I was unavoidably detained in Italy some time, and though I used every possible degree of expedition, I presented myself at the frontiers too late, and was treated as a stranger to that country, in defence of which my blood has been frequently and willingly

lingly shed. Alas! I felt that I had been a traitor to the most amiable woman that ever formed the happiness of man; and yet she would not have rejected my returning love, she would not have refused the pardon, for which I would have sued at her feet—that pardon which I shall be miserable until I obtain, and which I am now cruelly and unjustly denied the power of soliciting.

How often have I execrated the folly which gave birth to my present mortifications! I see many around me, who, like me, are banished from their country, and who yet endeavour to animate me by their cheerfulness: they, however, have not self-reproach to add to their misfortunes; and when they tell me that they are, like me, separated from wives whom they tenderly love, I learn also that necessity, not madness,

madness, parted them. I shudder when I hear of the disturbances in Paris, I shrink from a consideration of your unprotected state; and I regard myself as a monster whom society ought to shun.

Pity my distress, my Eugenia, and forget the cause in which it originated. My heart has never been unfaithful to you—there you have had no rival. I should be in despair, did I not feel firmly assured, that in the Count de Mirepoix you will find a willing and powerful friend; and never did he appear so much mine, as now when I picture him to my imagination offering protection to you, and those who are dear to you.

I scarcely dare entreat Clementina to plead in my behalf with her injured sister; but I may solicit her acceptance

ceptance of my sincere regard. To your worthy father I beg every respectful and affectionate remembrance; and to you, my Eugenia, I offer my unfeigned repentance, my unalterable esteem, my undiminished love: receive them, my adored wife, from him who in all his wanderings was still proud to preserve the title of

Your husband,

PIERRE DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER XLI.

Madame de St. Edmund to M. de St. Edmund.

Convent de St. Marie, Paris .

YOur letters, my dear Sir, always give me pleasure ; but of late they have distressed me, by the severity of self-reproach which you express in them. Do not thus condemn yourself : events have occurred, which the wisest could not have expected ; events as unforeseen as unparalleled. Uneasiness on my account is unnecessary ; I trust the peaceful asylum, which I and my sister have chosen,

chosen, will continue to be respected as it has hitherto been, even by the fury of a mob. I am sure you will agree with me, that the protection of a community is, in my situation, preferable to that of an individual; and the feelings of dependance and obligation excited by the former are less painful, for they are less humiliating.

I shall truly rejoice to see you again, but must entreat you to use no dangerous expedient, in the hope of hastening that desirable moment: your situation is delicate, and I tremble to think of the fatal consequences, in which a want of prudence might involve you. Do not make me miserable by any rash act: the welfare of a man to whom I owe innumerable obligations, and for whom I have the greatest esteem, must be a subject of inexpressible anxiety to me; be careful

c. 5.

then:

then of it, I entreat you, Sir. I flatter myself that you will not refuse me this favour, the only one which you ever left me reason to solicit.

Clementina begs me to particularize her regards, as she has the vanity to think that you would be mortified did she appear to have forgotten you. My father also sends his remembrances with the greatest affection, and all your Parisian friends rejoice to hear of your health and welfare.

Adieu ! my dear Sir : grant me frequently the pleasure of your letters ; be assured they are highly gratifying to me, and the receipt of them shall be always punctually acknowledged by

Your's, with affection and esteem,

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER XLII.

Charles Seymour to Henry de Tourville.

Paris.

I SHOULD have looked back, with more pleasure, my dear de Tourville, to the time which I passed with you, and your amiable parents at Belle-vue, could I have flattered myself that my society had restored to you any portion of the cheerfulness by which you were formerly, and I hope will again be distinguished.

Believe

Believe me I sincerely compassionate your unfortunate situation, and should be unworthy of your friendship, could I neglect for a moment complying with your request of informing you of the health of your too charming Eugenia. I have this instant returned from the convent de Sante Marie, whither I went immediately after my arrival here. I was shewn into the parlour, where I had not been long, before I was joined by two of the loveliest women in the world. They were both much agitated on entering the room. I could easily account for Eugenia's emotion, but I was at a loss to know what could occasion Clementina's. In endeavouring to conjecture its cause, my confusion almost equalled theirs, and it was not before several minutes had elapsed, that we could resume any appearance of ease. Eugenia's voice
faltered

faltered as she inquired after her friends at Belle-vue, and as I could not give an account of them favourable as I wished, my hesitation chased all the colour from her roseate cheeks. In short, our conversation was constrained and melancholy ; and yet I lingered, unable to take my leave.

My adored Clementina is, I think, infected with her sister's sorrow but her lovely countenance is formed for smiles, and the gloom by which it is occasionally overshadowed, like the clouds of an April morn, only contrast more beautifully the succeeding sunshine.

Eugenia frequently mentioned her husband, and appeared desirous to speak of him with tenderness ; but the various changes of her countenance sufficiently evinced that the effort
was

was painful to her. I will acknowledge, that I believe her to be fondly attached to you ; but I believe also that she is still more strongly attached to the paths of rectitude, and that her principles are too firmly fixed to allow of any deviation from them. To her may be applied that god-like sentiment, spoken by one of our finest dramatic poets, of a female character,

———“ Virtue is never wounded
But she suffers ;”

and in that cause I am persuaded Eugenia would think no sufferings too severe. You must admire the resolution which she displays ; and will you then in this be surpassed by a tender and delicate female ? No ! “ Rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid shall, from your neck, unloose his amorous folds, and like a dew-drop from the lion’s mane, be shook to air.”

In

In the retirement of Belle-vue you have no inducement to conquer the melancholy which overpowers you; for were the image of your mistress effaced from your heart, you have no object to fill the void which her loss would inevitably occasion, and the mind must be employed. Solitude is the nurse of love; fly from it then, and wait not ingloriously until time shall subdue those inclinations which you cannot exert power to controul. Combat with yourself, join in the busy hum of men, and allow not yourself one moment's leisure to inquire into the bent of your wishes. The sprightly and elegant Ovid shews his perfect knowledge of the passion which he has so ably described, when he says,

“A lover's ne'er so safe as in a croud;”

as few tender ideas can be indulged in
indis-

indiscriminate society, where so few are excited.

I am far from meaning to recommend dissipation to you, for exclusive of the abhorrence in which I have ever held the company of the vicious, I am sceptical as to the effects which it has been said to produce. In the loud laugh of inebriated mirth, the heart is uninterested; among a crowd of fools, you, my dear friend, would be in solitude; and in their scenes of noise and riot, you would be lost in reflecting on the different nature of the happiness for which you sighed. Great passions must be subdued by greater; the blandishments of pleasure have no charms for him who has tasted the pure delights of a virtuous attachment, and the aspiring passion of love can only yield to the yet higher aspiring passion of ambition: the former

mer seeks to win a woman, the latter to win a world. From my earliest acquaintance with you, I have observed your wish to bear arms. I have seen your heart beat high, when you beheld "the plumed troops, and the big war that make ambition virtue." I have seen your pulses quicken at "the neighing steed and the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all the quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." You see before you at this moment a grand spectacle; twenty millions of men, all animated with the desire of living free or dying bravely.

"I should have blushed if Cato's horse had stood and flourished in a civil war." We have conversed frequently on this subject; I know and admire your principles; may all your countrymen,

countrymen, my dear friend, be actuated by motives just and honourable as yours ! The people have now full power, that most dangerous of all weapons, in their own hands ; oh ! may the eyes of Europe, which are now fixed upon them, never be averted in contempt at their weakness, nor in horror at their excesses ! Adieu ! my dear friend ; that the good fortune which you deserve may attend you throughout life, and crown all your actions with success and honour, is the sincere wish of

Yours most truly,

CHARLES SEYMOUR.

LETTER XLIII.

Henry de Tourville to Charles Seymour.

Belle-vue.

YOur arguments, my dear friend, are unanswerable; had I listened to my own reason, they would have been long since unnecessary, for your anxiety, however great, can urge nothing which has not already suggested itself to my thoughts. But, alas! to resolve and to act are not equally easy. Conviction of the benefit
which

which would result from a deed, does not always inspire firmness to execute it, and the most painful situations are those in which our sufferings are aggravated by a consciousness that it is impossible to surmount the weakness which adds to them. You exhort me to quit retirement, because the lovely image which solaces me in solitude cannot follow me so constantly in a crowd : I will own to you, that it is the certainty of this which deters me from leaving it : the idea of oblivion is of all others the most frightful to a lover ; and whatever miseries his passion may have caused him, he never truly loved who could for a moment wish to forget it.

I am well aware that love is ridiculed by many as a weakness unworthy of a wise man : but why it should
be

be deemed so is as inexplicable to me as that every misfortune should be pitied but the one which includes the evils of all. True love induces the practice of every virtue : a weak mind, or a bad heart is incapable of it. In every other cause constancy is considered as reflecting equal credit on those who maintain it, and on those for whom it is maintained ; why then should it be less meritorious in that of love, which ought to be admitted with caution into the heart, but which, when once received, should be ever after retained with unalterable care ? To boast of having subdued an honourable passion for an amiable and virtuous object, is to boast of having confounded every distinction between good and evil, of having smothered the finest sensibilities of the soul, of having treated merit with contempt, and of having quenched

ed

ed the generous glow of passion in the oblivious coldness of selfish prudence. The loss of health, of friends, of fortune, and even of reputation, is in some measure softened by the commiseration which it excites; but none is granted to the pangs of disappointed love, which renders health joyless, friends tedious, fortune burthensome, and even fame itself insipid.

But though I cannot agree to relinquish the image of her whom throughout life I must adore, I will yet promise to make it so conducive to the noblest interests, that my best friends shall not wish it to be relinquished by me. It shall follow me to the field, and animate me in the day of battle; it shall nerve my arm, and humanize my heart. I will be brave as my Eugenia is exalted, merciful as she is gentle; conquest shall be
valued

valued by me, because she will sympathize in the renown it will confer upon me; our hearts are united: and amid the acclamations of the multitude, her's will throb in unison with mine. Do me not the injustice to suppose that if my love had been successful, I would have wasted the prime of my youth in sighing effeminately at the feet of my mistress, and at a juncture too like this! No; I trust that Eugenia herself would have acquiesced in the necessity of my leaving her, in pursuit of laurels, which should have decorated her polished brow: of all the effects which my despair may produce, that of rendering me a coward is the least probable.

Would that I were raised on a pinnacle high as my ambition, whence I might behold the admiring eyes of
men

men rivetted on my actions, which should afford no unworthy example ! There needed not the inspired Shakespeare's " muse of fire " to awaken in my bosom that sacred love of my country, which I trust, amidst all my griefs, has never slept. Would that I could prove it by leading on in her cause legions as numerous as my wishes for her welfare ! I ask but length of days sufficient to secure to my name the applause of posterity. One brilliant action would by me be prized more than years of bliss ; a deathless fame is preferable to a life of the most uninterrupted happiness.

Believe me, Seymour, however sacred I may hold that inmost portion of my heart which is devoted to the claims of the lover, enough remains for those of the hero, to prevent
your

your ever blushing to bestow the name
of friend on him who is so sincerely
yours,

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER XLIV.



Henry de Tourville to Charles Seymour.

Belle-vue.

How weak, my dear friend, are all our best resolutions when a prospect of success offers a temptation to break them !

Such was the enthusiasm which animated me, when I answered your last letter, that I really believed, had my love then been propitious, I would not
have

have reaped its sweets till I had earned my reward by contributing the strength of my arm in the sacred cause of my country's freedom ; but the decree of the convention which has facilitated the means of obtaining divorces has roused my hopes to a degree of painful pleasure. My fate hangs upon a thread, and one word from Eugenia will determine it.

I shall now learn if I ever possessed her love ; I shall be raised to the summit of earthly happiness, or precipitated into the lowest depths of agony. I am too much agitated to write. To your friendship Seymour I commit the enclosed ; have the goodness to convey it immediately to the lovely arbitress of my destiny ; I shall anxiously count every moment until I can receive a favourable answer to my prayer, and yet I dread the ar-
D 2 rival

rival of an event which may deprive me even of hope. Adieu ! “ I must not think that way distraction lies.”

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER XLV.

(Inclosed in the preceding.)



Henry de Tourville to Madame de St. Edmund.

Belle-rue.

PARDON me, my beloved Eugenia, that I once more presume to address you. Yes, I am sure that you have already forgiven me; and already your heart has whispered to you the purport of this letter. Oh! Eugenia, let the tenderness of that ingenuous heart plead in my behalf. You may now be mine! the late decree of
the

the convention makes you the offer of freedom. Circumstanced as you are, can the sternest virtue condemn your acceptance of such an offer; will it not be madness to reject it?

Eugenia, I tremble as I write. My existence depends upon your answer. Why cannot I be more eloquent on a subject which interests me more than life? Would that I were with you but for one moment; if I could not speak, you should read my hopes depicted in my countenance, and you would not then refuse a request which in humanity and justice you are bound to grant. Happiness now courts our acceptance of its treasures; let us not reject the proffered boon. Consider, my love, how little real bliss there is in the world, and how intimately that little is connected with the exercise of the social affections.

But

But why should I torment myself for a moment by supposing that you will cruelly remain deaf to my entreaties? Whom would you injure by complying with them? who would condemn you for making me blest? You have no friend, no relation who will interfere with your conduct; M. de St. Edmund has forfeited his right to your esteem—he is not deserving of you, he is not the man who was intended by nature to make you happy. My mother's anxiety for my success is almost as great as my own; my father, who is not less interested in it, has himself petitioned to you for me in a trembling hand; which if age and infirmities have rendered illegible, your own heart will assist you in decyphering. With M. de St. Far's sentiments, I have the felicity to be acquainted. He has acknowledged in his letters to my mother, that worn
out

out by mortification and disappointment, his most anxious wish is to see his Eugenia happy with a protector whom she may find worthy of her love; and Clementina is too unsophisticated to be warped by ideal refinement and imaginary duties. Thus you have only your own heart to consult; for oh! Eugenia, how could the world, that idol to which you bow, repay us for the sacrifice which we should make to its opinions, if in mistaken deference to them we were to relinquish the happiness now within our reach? what compensation could we receive for having devoted our lives to wretchedness, which would be rendered yet more insupportable, by the reflection that we had brought it on ourselves? I will readily grant that much is due to society, for we derive much from it; but in this instance we violate
not

not its laws, we only accept a benefit offered to us by its own decrees. In the sight of men then we should be blameless, and in that of Heaven also, for a benevolent Creator rejoices in the happiness of the beings that he has called into existence.

Accept then, Eugenia, a lover who is devoted to you ; accept that tender and ardent passion which can exist only in a heart, unseduced by the world, and whose affections are not contracted by selfishness, not chilled by disappointment, or deadened by misanthropy. Yes, my Eugenia, you will accept my love ; its purity and sincerity are worthy of you ; oh ! let our hearts and fates be united, let the sympathy which endeared us to each other the first moment we met, remain undiminished to the latest hour of our existence.

Ah, Eugenia, my whole soul dissolves in pleasure as I think of you ; the world once more appears to me to shine under the influence of the sun's brightest beams, and with you, my angel, I shall consider my lot in it as blest beyond all human expectations or deserts. Clementina and your father will share our happiness ; we shall be a family of love. Thus shall we shew the gloomy and discontented that pure felicity may be found even in this transitory state, if sought for in the paths of virtue and affection.

Adieu ! The sensations which I feel at this moment are so delightful, that I can scarcely conceive it possible for them to be rendered more so, even by the confirmation of my hopes from the lips of my Eugenia ; and yet the tumultuous throbbings of my heart

as I write her name, sufficiently inform me that my happiness has not reached the perfection of which it is capable.

Adieu once more, my Eugenia, my only love, my best friend, adieu !

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER XLVI.

Madame de St. Edmund to Henry de Tourville.

Sainte Marie, Paris.

MY heart did indeed, Henry, anticipate the arrival of your letter, but at the same time it instructed me in what ought to be, in what must be my answer to it. Unfortunate heart, lacerated by its own woes, its wounds must bleed afresh at the despair which that answer will cause in you. Alas ! why are our feelings so tenderly

derly alive to the dictates of love, if they must be repressed by those of honour and rectitude?

You will already have divined my resolution; sad mixture of strength and weakness! which to the latest moment of my life I will adhere to: but soon, I feel, will that life be sacrificed to the cruel conflicts which I daily experience. I am, I must be wretched, but will not be guilty. And not all the pleadings of a love so dear to me, or the responsive dictates of my own heart, can induce me to believe, that I should not be culpable in plighting to another that faith, which I have already at the altar vowed to keep inviolable. Can the edicts of the mad enthusiasts of our unfortunate country authorize injustice? Can their speculative and jarring opinions alter the immutability

lity of truth? No; I must not deceive myself. Great indeed would be my crime; nor would the decrees of the convention save me from the scorn and contempt of the world, or from the reproaches of my own heart.

Let us not err against conviction; with you, Henry, I might have been truly blest; but Heaven has decreed it otherwise, and we must obey. "Till I die I will hold fast by mine integrity, and my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live."

Forgive me, my dear Henry, forgive me all the unhappiness which I have occasioned you: may this letter be the last on a subject so painful! and may the tears of agony which I have shed over it, expiate, in the sight of Heaven, the involuntary

tary crime of which I have been guilty !

Oh, Henry, to say that I am wretched, conveys but a faint idea of my situation ; it is now that I implore you to shew yourself my real friend, by your firmness in the trial which we must make to conquer our ill-fated passion, and by teaching me to emulate you in that fortitude which I shall be the best able to learn from your example. Farewell, my dear Henry ! I bid you a long farewell. As a lover, never let me see or hear from you again. As a friend, I shall rejoice to hold the first place in your esteem, as you ever will in mine. The period may yet arrive, and joyfully will it be greeted by me, when the turbulent empire of love shall yield to the mild dominion of friendship : then shall we be permitted to enjoy
her

her calm and rational pleasures, unmixed with painful reflections, unembittered by self reproach.

Till then farewell !

E. 1

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER XLVII.

Henry de Tourville to Madame de St. Edmund.

Belle-vue.

YOU have commanded, and I obey ; you have declared your wishes, and they shall be fulfilled. Never again will I offend you by mentioning my ill-placed rooted attachment, never again shall you know the misery it will occasion me ; the cause and the effect shall be equally confined to my own breast.

For

For a few days I experienced a felicity as perfect as the foundation of it appeared to me to be innocent. The sensations of those days can never be forgotten; memory will treasure them; and when those around me more fortunate than I have been, shall speak of happiness, I will ask my heart if that be not what I once experienced at Belle-vue.

All is now over; it is not probable that the disappointment of my hopes will be less severe than the indulgence of them was delightful: but I mean not to complain. You have been educated in the purest paths of virtue and morality, and it never was my wish to alienate you from them. On the contrary, I revered you for your attachment to them, as much as I loved you for your worth, respected you for your talents, and

admired you for your beauty, graces, and all those fatal charms which have wound themselves for ever round my heart. Situated as you were, I did not conceive that my proposals to you, aided by the wishes of all your friends, could be considered as militating against propriety and moral rectitude. Your rigid virtue thought otherwise, and to that I bow. At the shrine of an imaginary deity, I sacrifice the hopes of an aspiring mind, the affections of a tender heart. I bid farewell to my interests, my expectations, my happiness ; farewell to every thing but my love. Oh ! Eugenia, I mean not to reproach you, but it is the privilege of the unhappy to complain. I have yet, however, one favour to ask, which, as a relation, I might demand, and which you cannot, I think, refuse me. It is only your permission to take that farewell in person, with
which

which you so coldly conclude your letter. I shall pass through Paris in a fortnight, on my road to ——— where I shall join the army stationed there at present. Shrink not from this reasonable request, deny it not; let me defer till the latest moment of my departure, repeating that fatal word on which you dwell so often, and with such cruel firmness. The effort of pronouncing it once will be a sufficient trial to the fortitude of

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER XLVIII.



Madame de St. Edmund to Henry de Tourville.

Saint Marie, Paris.

WERE I inclined to the severity of which you accuse me, I might perhaps reply to your request by remarking, that the passion which seeks its own gratification in witnessing the distresses to which it exposes its object can scarcely be deemed generous.

But I will only say, that however
I might

I might wish to have been spared an interview to which I feel myself unequal, yet if the remembrance of it will be likely to afford you pleasure, come, and receive in person those sincere wishes for your welfare, of which you are so highly deserving.

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER XLIX.

Clementina de St. Far to Madame de Tourville.

Sainte Marie, Paris.

LET us, my dear aunt, mingle our tears, and weep together over the sad and unavoidable separation of two young people so inestimable in themselves, so dear to each other, and to their friends.

Every endeavour to change Eugenia's noble resolution proved ineffectual;

effectual; my father could not remonstrate with her on the subject, nor could he express his wishes for her union with your Henry, without condemning that with M.de St. Edmund, which he had before been so anxious to promote. But his looks too well expressed the poignancy of his feelings, when hastily arising to embrace her, he implored of Heaven that she might yet be happy.

In vain the generous Seymour described to her the wretched situation of his friend; in vain I, kneeling, exhorted her to restore comfort to herself and to her family: all our arguments proved ineffectual; her firmness remained unshaken, and we could only admire the virtue which sustained her in it. She answered little, but in that little said all that was necessary, and more than we could refute.

fute. She justly observed, that M. de St. Edmund had always behaved to her with the kindest liberality, and till the fatal temporary estrangement of his affections, had uniformly treated her with the most delicate tenderness. She said that she was convinced he still loved her; his letters, his conduct to her father and sister, his anxiety for her welfare all proved it. "Ought I then," she exclaimed, "to punish a temporary infidelity on his part, by a lasting one on mine? Would his error excuse mine—would it acquit me of blame? Oh, no! let me not drive him to despair by shewing him that his repentance is unavailing. We all too much need forgiveness; let me not, then, by refusing mine to my husband, plant a dagger in his breast. Shall we condemn the conduct of those in office, in every instance but the solitary one

which accords with our own wishes? Shall we avail ourselves of their levity and wickedness to gratify those wishes? Surely every virtuous consideration public and private, forbids it. Gratitude, honour, morality, all join to dissuade me from a step so opposite to their interests; and to their united voices I must attend: I may be unhappy, but I dare not be unworthy." What could we answer to arguments so heroic? We felt their truth too powerfully to combat with them, and we could only lament the effects which a compliance with them must produce on the happiness of the parties whom they concerned.

Henry's letter caused emotions so violent in the bosom of my poor afflicted Eugenia, that I feared the delicacy of her frame would be unable to support their excess. She wept
even

even to agony, and wringing her hands exclaimed, "Happy, my Henry? Ah! we should indeed have been happy together, but now it cannot be!" Almost suffocated with grief, she walked in the garden to indulge it more freely, and in her sorrow, envied even the shrubs which blossomed in silent peace. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "would that I might become as you are!" Then casting her eyes towards heaven, she cried "What is beyond that blue expanse? Is it there that we are to look for tranquillity?" Her emotions exhausting themselves by their violence, she gradually became more composed. After some minutes had elapsed, she knelt in prayer, from which she rose with so serene an aspect, that it was easy to perceive the beneficial effects of her devotions.

Her answer to Henry's letter cost

her many tears; but after she had sent it, and sufficient time for his receiving it had elapsed, she became more cheerful. His resolution to enter the army greatly afflicted her. But on Seymour's assurance that a military life had always been the object of his wishes, she appeared soothed, and endeavoured to summon fortitude to take leave of him she so tenderly regarded, though I perceived that she dreaded an interview which she yet could not refuse.

Last week on the evening of Thursday my father was with us, and we were amusing him with music, which is our customary occupation at that time of the day when we have his company: Eugenia was seated in the window at her harp, from which she drew the most captivating strains, which we mutually accompanied with
our

our voices. The setting sun threw a rich glow over her features, and her fine eyes, which were raised to heaven, gave to her countenance an expression almost seraphic. My dear father gazed on her with increased delight, as it is when playing on the harp that she more particularly resembles her mother. Thus were we employed when our harmony was suddenly interrupted by Eugenia's uttering a piercing shriek, at the same moment she started from her seat and clasped her hands in the attitude of despair. We had not time to inquire the cause of her distress before it was sufficiently explained to us by the entrance of Seymour accompanied by your son. The unhappy Eugenia had now sunk upon a sofa almost lifeless. Henry threw himself at her feet, and entreated her to speak to him, but in vain; she answered only with deep drawn sighs and groans, which

which inexpressibly alarmed us. My father believed her to be dying; his loud lamentations recalled in her the appearance of life; she threw herself into his arms, and after a violent effort burst into tears.

Henry walked hastily across the room for some minutes, but finding that she still averted her face he could not refrain from addressing her. "Eugenia," he exclaimed in a voice almost stifled by various contending emotions, "I came not hither to distress you; tell me only that you do not hate me, that you regard me as your friend, I require nothing more of you; I came not to work on your feelings, or to betray my own. Speak to me then, my dear cousin, assure me of your good wishes, and I will immediately depart, never more to intrude myself into your presence." My sister had now
recovered

recovered sufficient firmness to say, "Henry, let us not embitter the last moments that we may ever be together: this is a severe trial, which I would willingly have declined; but you wished it, and perhaps at some future period we may both look back to it with a tender regret not displeasing." She gave him her hand as she finished speaking, and a few tears dropped upon it notwithstanding her efforts to repress them. Poor Henry kissed them away in agony, and forgetting every thing that he had only the moment before said, he made one desperate effort to persuade her to revoke a resolution which consigned him to wretchedness: "Eugenia," he cried, as he kneeled in the most supplicating attitude, "hear me once more, let the voice of my despair penetrate your heart; give me not up in the bloom of life to anguish, let me not in its excess curse the authors of a being

so miserable. It is not yet too late for happiness, let us then no longer sacrifice it to a mere chimera. Oh!" continued he, turning to his weeping auditors, "join your entreaties with mine, I implore you. I am now soliciting what is dearer to me than life, without which, life will be insupportable. Aid me, then, I conjure you, to obtain an avowal of my Eugenia's love, and assist in prevailing on her to bless me with it." Eugenia here interrupted him, a death-like paleness overspread her cheeks and her whole frame trembled, but her determination was firm, and she remained collected. "Henry," she said, "this conduct is dishonourable, it is ungenerous. You ought to have spared me the pain of repeating to you that my resolutions are fixed, and that no persuasions will ever induce me to alter them." She was preparing to leave the room, when
Henry

Henry starting up wildly, prevented her, and vowed in frantic despair, that she should never quit him more, at the same time he bitterly reproached her for her coldness, and himself for his folly in having ever imagined he was beloved by her. "Henry," said Eugenia with the utmost mildness, "you now add cruelty to injustice; that I love you," she added as she melted into tears, "Heaven is my witness; that I shall ever love you, is at once my misfortune, and my fault." "Say not so, my adored Eugenia," exclaimed poor Henry, who was softened by her tears; "say not so, you are faultless, and Heaven permits you to be unhappy only to shew the perfection of suffering virtue. But why, my love, will you condemn us both to misery, when there are no obstacles to oppose our happiness, except those which have been raised by your own imagination?" Eugenia

interrupted him in a solemn tone: "Henry," said she, "the obstacles you mention are insurmountable, they are not imaginary. M. de St. Edmund has a right to demand much more from me than I can give. My affections I cannot offer, but my duty to him I can preserve inviolate. What I can perform, shall be done to the utmost of my power, and for the omission of what I find myself unequal to, I must implore Heaven to pardon me."

The resolute manner in which she mentioned her husband, seemed to surprise Henry as much as it shocked him: anger appeared to be struggling in his breast with despair. "It is well," said he, after a pause, "it is well that you find the performance of your duty to M. de St. Edmund so easy, it may be soon a pleasing task. But beware, Eugenia! pay him only the tribute of gratitude, and forget not that you have assured me, that I alone possess
your

your love. Beware, I repeat, how you deprive me of this, my sole remaining treasure, for when I lose it I shall resign at the same time an existence which is already hateful to me." As he finished these words, he threw himself into a chair, and his gloomy deportment struck terror into Eugenia's heart ! " Henry," said she, " you do not yet know me, you know not the tears which the performance of my duty costs me; it is not indeed enough merely to perform it; it should be done willingly, and there, alas ! I fall far short. I put on the garb of austerity as a defence from all feeling. I am, as well as you, a prey to sorrow and disappointment; and if your unhappiness will be alleviated by the knowledge of mine, judge of my heart by your own, and be assured that every painful emotion in your's is answered with agony in mine."

mine." After a struggle of some minutes Henry arose, and taking Eugenia's hand, "Forgive me," said he "for the unnecessary affliction which my violence has occasioned you ; forgive me for the love which I bear to you. I will not lengthen a scene so dreadful, alas! so useless!" He paused, and walked across the room with agitated steps; after some time he opened a small ivory case, from which he took two pair of bracelets, one of which he brought to me, saying, "Clementina, you will oblige me by accepting these as a mark of my esteem, and by wearing them constantly for my sake; one of the clasps contains the hair of my father and mother, the other my own. In return you must let me have a lock of this flaxen hair, which in conjunction with some other charms has made such havoc in the heart of a friend of mine." A melancholy

choly smile accompanied these words. In taking the lock he saluted me affectionately, saying, "Be careful, my sweet cousin, of your sister's health, and heaven grant that your love may prove more propitious than mine has been!" He then turned to Eugenia, and presented her with the other pair, which differ from mine only in one of them containing a concealed miniature of himself: it opens by a spring, and is a most beautiful and exact resemblance. He asked of her also a lock of hair in return for his present; she bestowed on him one of her auburn tresses, which he received on his knees, and pressed to his heart the hand that gave him it. A few melancholy and incoherent expressions concluded their parting scene, which the sympathizing Seymour kindly urged his friend to shorten. Henry obeyed, and offered to take a last embrace

brace of my sister ; when reason deserted her, and a friendly insensibility relieved her from suffering a continuance of feelings which were too exquisite to be supported ; she sunk motionless into Henry's arms. We now entreated him to retire ; but he fondly lingered to receive one more adieu, one more parting glance from the once radiant eyes which were closed in death-like tranquillity. He pleaded the cruelty which there would be in leaving her in this state, as seeming to take advantage of its unconsciousness ; my father, however, conjured him not to expose her again to a trial so severe, and he at length prepared to tear himself away. " Farewell, my darling Eugenia !" he exclaimed ; " dear object of my first and only love, farewell !" He then imprinted a kiss of agony on her pale lips, and waving his hand to us, instantly disappeared

disappeared. Seymour immediately followed him, whilst our attention was entirely directed to my sister, who still remained in a state of insensibility, and who was now supported in my father's arms.

We applied the usual means of recovery with success ; but returning recollection brought with it returning sorrow ; her eyes wandered round the room in hopeless inquiry, and disappointed in not meeting with the object of their search, they became bathed in tears of unavailing regret. My hopes that she would be relieved by them were deceitful ; her tears were succeeded by hysteric shrieks, which left her in the most alarming state of mental and bodily languor ; her pulse was quick and unequal, her breathings laborious and disturbed. We now sent for a physician,
who

who with the kindness of a friend, joined to a perfect knowledge of his profession, first attended to my sister, and then endeavoured to assuage the uneasiness which her situation had excited in our bosoms. Three days we were agonized by the most tormenting doubt; on the fourth, however, we were relieved from it, and she was once more restored to a sense of suffering. No sooner did reason resume its seat than my sister, ever patient and suffering, began to call forth its powers, and consult its dictates. The effort to overcome is in some degree to conquer; this is evinced in Eugenia, who, though still languid and weak, is tranquil and at some times even cheerful. I trust that time will do much for her; and in that hope I remain, my dear madam, ever your most affectionate niece,

CLEMENTINA DE ST. FAR.

LETTER L.



Henry de Tourville to Madame de Tourville.

From the camp at * * * *

THE anxiety which you express to hear from me, my dear mother, would be an inducement sufficiently powerful to prompt me immediately to take up my pen, had I not an additional motive for doing it; in wishing to pour into your maternal bosom the sorrows which I have not yet succeeded in conquering, and in which I am certain

certain of your kindest sympathy. Happy are the children who possess in their parents sincere and affectionate friends, instead of harsh and unfeeling guardians ! Happy the parents who receive from their children the genuine gratitude of the heart, the delightful and unrestrained intercourse of well-founded confidence, instead of the cold obedience which originates only in fear ! Life affords too few pleasures, and the world too few friends to justify us in our neglect of the pure joys of domestic harmony.

We are at present, if I may be allowed to use a nautical expression, becalmed. I hope, however, that the calm is only the forerunner of a storm, for no enemy is to me so alarming as a state of inaction. My companions smile at my impatience, and in imputing it entirely to my eagerness for
combat

combat, attribute to me more merit than I deserve. The life of a military man is passed between the extremes of exertion and of inactivity. At one time animated by dangers, he despises fatigue, and rises superior to difficulties ; at another, yielding to idleness, he courts amusement in the easiest forms, and thinks that pleasure the most enviable which can be enjoyed with the least effort. The latter extreme is what we at present experience, and most heartily am I wearied of it. The day is wasted in conjecturing what will be the occurrences of the morrow. The morrow comes, and shewing us the fallacy of our conjectures, gives us an opportunity of forming others, which the next day proves to be equally as mistaken as those of the preceding. How often do I think, my dear mother, of your remark, that if we were to keep an account of
the

the time and money we waste, we should be shocked to see how far it would exceed that of our necessary expenditure. This circumstance does not appear to trouble my companions much; they are contented to take events as they occur, and rally me on the chagrin which I discover at the close of a day, unmarked by any incident of importance. They pretend to know that I am in love; not that I ever profaned my Eugenia's name by repeating it among them. They could affix to it no higher ideas than such as they had before conceived of the objects of their own light amours, which they frequently recount to me in order to convince me that they have experienced similar misfortunes, and can therefore sympathise with me in mine. Oh, love! how is thy name profaned by the lips of men! In the moments when all around me are extolling the charms
of

of their mistresses, I guard the image of mine in my bosom, and exult in the sacred power of silence. But to you, my dear mother, I am not ashamed to open my heart; and to declare that Eugenia yet reigns unrivalled in it. The natural softness of your sex disposes you to sympathy, and the amiable tenderness of the maternal character will invite confidence long after cruel experience has inspired distrust of every other. To you then I acknowledge that I am still the slave of passion, still a prey to as much hope as creates suspense without bestowing comfort. There are moments when I cannot repress a thought which at the same time I despise; when I am selfish enough to think that I should be happier in mourning Eugenia dead, than I am in adoring her living. I should then indeed look up to heaven where she would be enshrined in bliss; and

and the remembrance of her conduct on earth would then teach me to follow her paths ; her virtues would then diffuse their influence over my mind with a softened radiance, as the lovely queen of night leaves her silver track in the heavens after she has withdrawn herself from mortal gaze. Fatal to my peace was the moment of our meeting, yet never till then had I an idea of real happiness ; I have at least become acquainted with what it might be ; and unfortunate as I consider myself, I yet consider him who does not love as still more deserving of pity,

To him who is a stranger to the noblest passion which is incidental to the human race, and which is indeed bestowed immediately from heaven on man as a distinguishing characteristic of his superiority over the rest of
creation ;

creation ; to him who has never felt its influence, existence is valueless, and the world a desert, through which he wanders solitary and weary, neither cheered nor cheering on his way. Oh may that power which endowed me with a feeling heart, grant that, though disappointed in its tenderest wishes, it may still remain open to the claims of the distressed, and feel its own sorrows alleviated in the pleasing task of lightening those of others. Adieu, my revered mother ! and be assured that you and my father are the constant objects of the affection and anxiety of your's, with every sentiment of respect and regard,

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER LI.



Clementina de St. Far to Madame de Tourville.

Sainte Marie, Paris.

MY sister, my dear madam, recovers daily though slowly: and I am happy to say that her mind regains its energy in proportion as her body acquires strength.

During the whole of her illness, she has received the most flattering attentions from her friends and acquaintance.

Inquiries

Inquiries after her health have been made unceasingly, and the finest game, fruits, and every rarity of the season have been sent to her in profusion. One day she said with a melancholy smile, "I must no longer accuse society of ingratitude. It knows the sacrifice I have made to it, and is willing to acknowledge its obligations." Indeed, my dear aunt, the trying situation in which she has been placed, and the irreproachable manner in which she has conducted herself are generally known; and have excited even in this tumultuous and licentious city, where vice and folly struggle for ascendancy, that respect and pity which virtuous distress ought always to command. In taking the air the other day we met the gay Count de Mirepoix, whose manners are so polished, and whose heart was so unfortunately susceptible of Eugenia's charms. He

came up to the carriage to congratulate her on her recovery, and said in the most respectful manner, "Were you, madam, deprived of every earthly blessing, yet sustained as you would be by your own virtues, you must ever remain an object of envy." His looks as he spoke expressed at once the most profound admiration, and the sincerest contrition for his past conduct, of the impropriety of which I believe he is fully sensible. I wish that I could say the same of the impertinent little marquis, who obstinately persists in affecting to think that my temporary retirement arose entirely from the disappointment which I suffered in not finding my partiality to him returned as I had wished it to be. His conceit is as intolerable as his avowal of it is provoking. But I give too much importance to his folly in mentioning it
at

at a time when I have many subjects of serious consideration to relate.

The tumults increase here to such an alarming degree, that it is impossible to feel tranquil for a moment; and even personal safety is now every day endangered. The public meetings are conducted with so little decorum, and produce so much acrimony and ill-will in the different parties, that they only tend to increase the troubles which they undertake to moderate. The offices still held by my father in Paris prevent us from leaving it, and indeed I am afraid that even Belle-vue, notwithstanding its beautifully sequestered situation, must pay the tribute of fear and anxiety for its country; not that the alarms you have had at Amiens would deter us from visiting you if my father could

leave the capital, for in that case I can assure you, my dear aunt, that your kind invitations would be immediately accepted by us with unfeigned pleasure, which none would feel with more lively emotions than

Your most affectionate

CLEMENTINA DE ST. FAR.

LETTER LII.



Madame de St. Edmund to Madame de Tourville.

Sainte Marie, Paris.

To you, my dear aunt, I owe the first fruits of my convalescence; alas! through me you are deprived of the endearments of your son's society; and not all the affection which I have to offer can compensate for the injury that I have involuntarily done you. Do not hate me, dearest madam; do not let the resentment which you must
feel

feel stifle every tender sensation towards me :—let my unhappiness plead for me ;—let the floods of tears which fall from my eyes at this moment wash away the remembrance of my fault. We hear of your son every day through Mr. Seymour.

Surely it cannot be wrong in me to rejoice in his safety and welfare: to tell you that he is adored in the army, and that his courage in the field is equalled only by his gentleness in the camp, is but to tell you of that which a very slight acquaintance with him would authorise any one to expect. Enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, but abhorring the crimes too frequently committed in her name, Henry is revered by all parties; and in the praises unanimously given to him it would be difficult to decide which of his virtues they are the most solicitous to

to honour. How thankful am I that he has hitherto escaped every danger! How dreadful would be my sensations were he to fall! I should then accuse myself of having been accessory to his death, and repose would for ever forsake my eyes, which would unceasingly weep over his early doom. Seymour proposes to visit his friend soon; and has only deferred his journey from his unwillingness to leave Clementina, who appears sometimes to laugh at his passion, and at others to return it with the sweetest sensibility. Heaven grant them happiness together! and may the misery which I have felt exempt my sister even from the common share which is incidental to humanity! I am extremely anxious about her health, for it again declines, and I fear that I may date its relapse from her late attendance upon me, as previous to that time she appeared to be quite recovered.

covered. My father desires me to make his grateful acknowledgments to you and my uncle for your repeated and kind invitations : they would be accepted with unfeigned pleasure did he not believe that at this juncture it would be imprudent to leave Paris, where we have hitherto remained unmolested ; his departure at present might attract attention, and serve as a pretended cause for suspicion in a numerous and powerful party, which we have every reason to believe is adverse to him : he is moreover inclined to think with many others, that upon the whole the capital is the place of the greatest security. I should rejoice to make you and my uncle converts to this opinion, as we might then hope to see you among us, and in that case we should form a little phalanx of friends, which I think not even a band of ruffians would have the courage to attack. Perhaps

haps your timidity is not so much an obstacle to this plan as are my uncle's studies. I know indeed his attachment to them, and can easily imagine that he would not enjoy the beauties of his favourite Horace amid the screams of the poissardes. Nor would the fiercest of Homer's battles rivet his attention so effectually, or excite such various emotions in his breast, as the sight of a band of gens-d'armes patrolling the streets in search perhaps of the very object who may be gazing on them in terror and wonder. To feel acutely is not, however, generally among the misfortunes of the Parisians, and the merry countenances of some whose losses have been greater than it might be supposed the imbecility of human nature could support, make me sometimes think that of all our painful sensations that which arises from too great anxiety for our neigh-

bours is the most unnecessary. The animated manner in which you express your indignation against the innovators and speculative philosophers of the present day would make me smile, did not every inclination to mirth vanish when I consider the fatal effects which have attended the execution of their schemes and theories.

What would my dear mother have felt had she lived to witness the inhuman treatment of the lovely queen, whose smile once diffused happiness on all around her; to see her dragged to a prison, and treated with a degree of severity scarcely experienced by the criminal whose faults have required the utmost rigour of punishment? The scenes which occur daily affect me more as I have lately received a letter from M. de St. Edmund, in which he declares his intention of re-
turning

turning to France, notwithstanding the dangers to which he must be exposed in the execution of this plan. It is not only in passing the frontiers that he has cause to dread being discovered, it is in Paris that he will be still less safe: his attachment to the cause of royalty is too well known, and his ability to serve it is too considerable for him to remain unnoticed. I tremble at the idea of his danger, yet I cannot dissuade him from encountering it with as much earnestness as if I were conscious of possessing a heart throbbing to meet him, and filled only with his image; then no argument, no entreaty should be left untried: but whilst I feel that even for my own sake I would gladly postpone that meeting, which, whenever it takes place, must cover me with confusion, I cannot assume the appearance of anxious solicitude, or affect the semblance

blance of disinterested regard. No! I wrote to him; but expressions of dread or pleasure were equally adverse to my feelings; and the incoherent style of my epistle too exactly portrayed the distracted state of my mind. Oh, Henry! in being faithful to thee I am guilty of a crime towards my husband, and in paying the tribute of duty to him I commit treason against thy love!

Alas! my dear aunt, I intended to send you a cheerful letter, and previous to commencing it had exerted all my resolution in order to make it so; I feel, however, that my ability to perform this intention grows weaker as I proceed, and I perceive that my design will be wholly frustrated if I do not immediately subscribe myself ever most sincerely your's,

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER LIII.

Charles Seymour to Henry de Tourville.

Paris.

I HAVE so often told you, my dear friend, of my intention to have the pleasure of seeing you soon, that my conscience informs me how little the repetition of this information has to expect from your belief. And yet my vanity consoles me by the assurance that you will not refuse me a welcome, however tardy I may appear in asserting my claim to it. You know
the

the difficulty of leaving a beloved object, and will therefore excuse my repeated delays, when I candidly acknowledge to you, that I have hitherto been detained by my anxiety on account of Clementina's health, which appears to be gradually on the decline; she witnesses its decay with the sweetest composure and resignation, and retains her cheerfulness so much, that her friends are almost tempted to participate in it without suffering the pressure of any alloy from the uncertainty of its continuance.

One day lately I urged her seriously to consider the sincerity of my passion for her, and to honour me with an explicit answer on a subject which could not cease to interest the whole of my future life. I was more than usually importunate, for I was
uneasy

uneasy respecting her, and myself also. Clementina endeavoured to ally me upon my seriousness, but finding that she only increased it, she at length assumed the appearance of it herself, and with an air of mingled tenderness and solemnity said, " Mr. Seymour, I perceive that you are inclined to annex importance to our conversation, and I wish not to trifle with your feelings; but I cannot be wholly inattentive to my own. To be insensible to an attachment which does me honour, would be to prove myself unworthy of it; but to return it, as it deserves, is not at present in my power. You have causes of uneasiness, you say, and I am not without subjects of anxiety. Time alone can prove the truth of my fears, and time may enable me to return your attention with the whole of mine: grant me then, sir, a period for consideration, and

and be assured that whatever my decision may be, you shall never have reason to accuse me of insincerity." I could not refuse a request evidently prompted by her usual delicacy and prudence; though I feel that I am too impatient a lover to appear advantageously during the time of my probation, and I have therefore resolved to make it less tedious by dedicating a part of it to friendship.

Affairs in France assume every day a more threatening aspect; I cannot long expect to contemplate them in the fortunate obscurity I have hitherto enjoyed. Could I have prevailed on Clementina to accept my hand, she might have reaped benefit from the change of air and scene, and I should have borne from this country a treasure which cannot be excelled in any other: such a return
to

to England would have been certainly more desirable than to prolong my visit in France, till I may perhaps spend the latter part of it in a prison, and conclude it on a scaffold, an eminence which I have no ambition to reach, notwithstanding my admiration in general of aspiring steps and enlarged views! I shall leave Paris on Thursday; I am not an idle traveller; and as there are no objects of importance or curiosity to detain me on the road, you will know when to expect me. If I have hitherto omitted mentioning Madame de St. Edmnd, it is in the hope that the tidings which I shall personally give you concerning her, will render me a more welcome visitor: I will just say that she is well, and that the rest of your friends are so likewise; all other information must be deferred until the
moment

moment of our meeting, which, be assured, will afford the sincerest pleasure to

Yours most devotedly,

CHARLES SEYMOUR.

LETTER LIV.



Madame de St. Edmund to Madame de Tourville.

Sainte Marie, Paris.

AM I still left in possession of my reason to relate the dreadful events which I have witnessed, or have I only had a frightful dream, the horrid remembrance of which even now appals me? No; days have elapsed, and my memory too faithfully records scenes, which, though I tremble to recollect them, I must yet exert my fortitude to relate to you, in order to relieve my own surcharged bosom.

bosom. Oh, my sainted mother, look down upon thy children, who have lived to be thankful that thou art no more ! Ah ! when I received thy last sigh, and hung in agony over thy lifeless form, could I then have believed that in a few short years I should rejoice in its want of animation !

Be not distressed, my dear aunt, at the traces of my tears ; they blot my paper, but they relieve my heart, and enable me to summon resolution to begin my dreadful narrative.

The disturbances which had taken place in Paris since my return to it had been chiefly in quarters of the city distant from the convent de Sainte Marie, and were not of sufficient extent to cause general alarm, being principally occasioned by different parties who paraded the streets in defiance

fiance of each other, and who made use more of words than actions.

Of late we have, however, been apprehensive that something more serious was about to happen : terror and expectation were marked on every countenance, and every heart seemed to feel a presentiment of approaching danger.

In the evening of the day, on which Seymour, who intended quitting Paris the next morning, took his leave of us to pay his long promised visit to your son, we were seated in the parlour with my father and Madame de Vaublanc. The departure of so kind a friend increased the habitual depression of our spirits, and after some fruitless efforts were made to converse, we gave ourselves up to silence and meditation.

Our

Our reveries were suddenly interrupted by a confused murmur of voices in a low tone. The accents appeared to be the result of determination, guided by caution, and seemed to be half suppressed through a fear of suspicion. These whispers at so late an hour struck more terror into my heart than the loudest din of arms could have done; I started up, and making a sign to those around me to continue silent, I went to the window, where I enveloped myself in the curtain, and was enabled to see all that passed without being observed.

I discerned several files of armed men, who had ranged themselves under the windows, and whose numbers extended throughout the street, and appeared also to line the adjoining square.

The

The most profound stillness was preserved, I was almost sick with terror, and immediately left the room to go into the refectory, whither I was followed by my alarmed companions. We there consulted on the probable designs of those conspirators, or murderers as they might prove to be, for the mystery which apparently attended them, left room for conjecture more frightful than the most shocking declarations could have been. Can you wonder if in this situation my trembling limbs almost refused to support me, and that my tongue, stiffened with horror, was utterly unable to express my fears?

Clementina endeavoured to re-assure me, and she had witnessed so many scenes of this nature, that for a short time I felt my courage revive in her firmness. My father likewise manifested the ut-
most

most fortitude. "I have seen my king," he exclaimed, "dragged to a scaffold, I survived that spectacle, and none other can appear terrible to me! Oh God!" he added, clasping his hands, "protect my children, it is for them only that I can now fear."

After some further consultation we agreed to send a domestic from a private door to inquire the cause of so large a concourse of people being assembled. He soon returned with horror depicted in his countenance. "Alas! my lady," he cried, addressing himself to Madame de Vaublanc, "we are utterly lost! The soldiers are drawn out by order of the convention; an insurrection is feared, and all suspected persons are to be put under arrest. But what is the most terrible, even this holy house stands accused of harbouring the enemies of our country, this moment

moment I overheard some of the officers venting their suspicions to this effect, and at the same time declaring their vengeance." The poor fellow's simple account added to our alarm. That we were the persons alluded to I could not for a moment doubt, and I earnestly entreated that we might endeavour to save ourselves by immediate flight, whilst it was yet in our power.

My father was averse from this proposal, and assured my sister and me that we at least should be safe, as from the retired lives which we had led, and the small circle of our acquaintance, we could not have rendered ourselves obnoxious to the malignity, or attracted the notice of any party. Respecting himself, he observed with truth, that since the execution of his unhappy monarch, to whom he had
VOL. II. G gloried

gloried in shewing himself a faithful servant, he had withdrawn his attention entirely from politics, and had refused to hear even the common conversational topics of the day, which indeed only concerned men whose principles he abhorred as much as he despised their conduct.

Whilst we remained uncertain as to the plans which it would be most prudent to adopt, the silence, which until then had appeared so tedious to us, was disturbed by the loud ringing of alarm-bells in various parts of the city, and by the reports of musketry in every direction, accompanied with shouts of 'Vive la liberté ! Vive la nation !' The silence which had so appalled and stupified our senses, seemed only to precede, in order to render us more sensible to these hostile sounds, which roused us even to agony, and I could not

not avoid exclaiming, that instant death would be preferable to the horrors of suspense which we then suffered.

The alarm soon became universal; lights were put into every window, and a general illumination was in a few minutes exhibited, not, however, as formerly, to express public joy, but as a slight individual defence against the assassin, whose object was to murder in the security of the night.

We pursued a contrary plan, and extinguished or hid all our lights, hoping that by silence and darkness, we should escape observation. We then took our stations behind the curtains at the windows above, scarcely daring to breathe, lest the panting respiration of terror should be overheard.

The tumult increased; shrieks of females rose on the air, and the imprecations of the soldiers were wafted on the passing gale. We heard the distant rattling of cannon dragging through the street, and which, to our unspeakable horror, we found approached the vicinity of the convent. The violent throbbings of my heart almost overpowered me; I clung to my father, who pressed me in his arms, and endeavoured to console me, when a tremendous knocking at the massy gate excited in us the last effort of despair! "What shall we do? What will become of us?" we exclaimed. "Alas!" said Madame de Vaublanc, "I can surely not be considered as guilty in harbouring under my roof a few friendless females, who have no other asylum than what it affords!" Whilst we were yet speaking the knocking ceased, and we then began
to

to hope that it might be supposed that this house, in common with many others, was totally deserted; in a few minutes, however, we were convinced of our error. A sudden burst of cannon seemed to shake our retreat to its foundation, and from the havoc which was made in an instant in the walls and windows we found that we were destined to become the victims of men, whose dastardly principles were evinced in their attacking a house little better than a ruin, and which contained only thirteen inhabitants, of whom ten were females.

To think was now to act. We immediately disguised ourselves as well as the short time which we could command would allow, and ran hastily into the garden, through which bullets flew in almost every direction. We heard the soldiers exclaim with dreadful

ful oaths, "They are aristocrats, by their obstinacy ! but our language speaks well, and will be understood : the arguments we use are forcible, and claim attention !" Fear now winged our flight, and in a moment we reached a private door which opens into an obscure lane : as we could not hope to escape notice if we all continued together, my father, Clementina, and I agreed to take one road ; the other was pursued by the benevolent abbess with her affrighted flock. We trembled as we embraced, and wept when we said Farewell ! We never expected to meet again. And yet, alas ! great as my fears at that moment were, they did not forebode the events which followed !

When I look back on what I have written, I am astonished to see how little I have related ! I expatiate unnecessarily,

necessarily, in order to delay the information of what my blood yet freezes to recollect ! We were almost sinking under terror, and required all the support which my father afforded us as we proceeded.—It was nearly dark, and a chilling damp in the air added to the indescribable gloom, and melancholy of our reflections. We avoided the fields, dreading the barbarities which have been committed there by wretches who, on the appearance of commotion, have lain in ambush for those unfortunates, who *have fled* in despair from the city, only to meet death in its environs ! It was our intention to seek a temporary refuge in the humble dwelling of one of M. de St. Edmund's domestics of the name of Meirton, who had for many years superintended the stables of his master, to whom he had always appeared to be most faithfully attached. We
arrived

arrived in safety at the place of our destination, and as it was situate in an obscure part of the town, and we stood at the door quite unmolested, I began to feel considerably more at ease than I had hitherto done. When Meirton, however, appeared, his countenance discovered such a strange mixture of surprise, doubt, consternation, and regret, that I again felt disturbed ! I however informed him of our situation, and asked him if he could by any means contrive to conceal us without endangering himself. He answered only by an abrupt inquiry if we had met with any person of our acquaintance on the way from the convent, and on my replying in the negative, he appeared so exceedingly embarrassed, that I began to fear we had been mistaken in our opinion of his fidelity.

We

We were, however, invited to enter and to take seats, and Meirton ordered us the best refreshment which the house afforded. Only a few minutes had elapsed, when a particular signal was given at the door, and Meirton hastily quitted the room. I found that suspicion now was not confined to my breast, and the long conference which our host held in the passage with some person whose voice, though never exceeding a whisper, yet seemed familiar to our ears, inspired a variety of unpleasant conjectures. At length Meirton re-entered, and entreated that we would permit a stranger, who required an asylum as much as ourselves, to share in our's. It was not for us to refuse a request so reasonable and humane: a person was accordingly introduced, who from his dress and large boots appeared to be a post-boy; he kept

his face concealed, he seemed fatigued, and trembled so violently, that I feared he was ill, and immediately pressed him to take some refreshment. He started when I spoke, but seeming to recollect himself, he moved his head without making any other reply. I now thought that he must be either deranged, or ignorant of my language; or perhaps his thoughts might be absorbed by anxiety, or the remembrance of past misfortune. Whatever might be the cause of his reserve, he certainly appeared unhappy, and his situation therefore demanded our pity; it seemed too that his dress was only assumed as a disguise; and this was confirmed by his keeping his hat on, and slouched over his face; an indecorum not consistent with the polite manner in which he bowed to thank me for my attention to him.

Refreshments

Refreshments were introduced, and I expressed a wish to have a glass of wine and water. The stranger rose with a graceful air to reach me one, still, however, averting his face from us. I was about to accept it from his hand, when he pressed mine with such violence as excited equally my surprise and my indignation. I raised my eyes haughtily. They met the agitated glances of his, and he immediately sunk at my feet. Ah! my dear aunt, it was my husband, who wept as he passionately embraced me, and implored my forgiveness! Could I refuse it to him at a moment when joy and gratitude for his safety reigned triumphant in my heart? No; I mingled my tears with his, as I freely granted it; and I am thankful that at that moment not a word or look escaped me, nor did a thought arise which

which could have rendered him otherwise than happy !

My father was charmed to see us once more brought together ; and the smiles of Clementina, who alternately caressed M. de St. Edmund and me, diffused animation among all around. Oh moment of peace soon to be followed by misery and despair ! Soon was the sunshine of that short hour to be obscured by clouds of the darkest hue !

We had scarcely recovered from the hurry of spirits into which this unexpected meeting had thrown us, when different sensations were excited by the confused murmur of a multitude, which seemed every moment to draw nearer to the place of our refuge. Clementina started from her
seat,

seat, exclaiming, "Alas! we are utterly lost! there will be a general massacre, and we shall be separated! Wretched are they who may meet a fate so horrid, but yet more wretched those who may be spared to lament them!" It seemed as if all her firmness had forsaken her on leaving the convent in which she had so long found safety, for she now rejected even the appearance of consolation. My unhappy husband, who seemed likewise to anticipate the approaching danger, turned pale. "If," said he, "I be discovered, my life will inevitably be sacrificed, but you, I trust, may yet be safe. At Moulins I narrowly avoided apprehension, and though I eluded pursuit there, I was recognized on entering Paris, and I cannot hope to be again equally fortunate in my escape." As M. de St. Edmund ceased speaking the noise increased, and we looked at each

each other in silent consternation, until my husband hastily exclaimed, "Meirton, bring out the carriage which I drove hither." Then turning to us, he added, "I procured it at Abbeville; and by means of it we may yet have an opportunity to fly. It is not three hours since I arrived here, and I am still equipped for the occasion; trust yourselves then with me, and let us hope ere long to reach a place of greater security. This scheme appeared to me replete with hazard. But as I had none better to propose, it would have been needless to object to it. We agreed then to go, and determined if we were questioned to say that we had been spending the day at Paris, and were returning home into the country.

My husband employed the few moments which now remained for us to be together, in assuring me of his regard ;

gard ; and pressing me to his bosom, he declared with the most animated tenderness that the remainder of his life should be devoted to my service and happiness. Alas ! short the time which was allotted to prove the sincerity of his professions ! Dreadful the event which for ever prevented the completion of them !

The chaise was now conducted to the door. We entered it immediately, agitated with the most gloomy forebodings ; M. de St. Edmund, however, drove fearlessly on, and we had reached the very outskirts of the city, when we were met by a party of gens d'armes, who inquired what route we were pursuing ; M. de St. Edmund replied that the chaise belonged to the village of Treville, and that he was returning thither with two ladies and a gentleman who had been spending the day

day at Paris. My father confirmed this account, begging at the same time that we might not be detained, as we were already late, and he was apprehensive of the effects of the night-air on one of the ladies, who was an invalid. "But why leave Paris," said the commander of those military assassins, with an insulting smile and sarcastic tone; "why leave Paris at a moment when all good citizens are anxious to shew themselves? Turn your horses, and rejoice the hearts of those friends whom you have been visiting, by telling them that you have returned to see the noble efforts of freedom crowned with the success which they deserve. I will accompany you with my escort, not only to protect you, but to gratify myself with witnessing the pleasure of your meeting." The inhuman wretch concluded these words with a malicious sneer, which will for
ever

ever remain imprinted on my memory, and which sufficiently declared that we had been unable to deceive him by the account which we had given of ourselves, and that he had resolved not to pass over in silence our attempt at deception.

During some moments we were overwhelmed with confusion and terror; we were uncertain whether to confess the whole, or to return to Meirton's, though the obscurity of his dwelling would inevitably have increased the doubts which we had already excited. Poor M. de St. Edmund relieved us from our embarrassment, by touching his hat with well feigned submission, and respectfully inquiring if he should drive back; we answered in the affirmative, immediately comprehending that he hoped to disarm suspicion, by a ready compliance

compliance with the order of our haughty guard, and that we should thus escape unnoticed through the crowd, which pressed on every side.

Our reflections as we returned were of the most painful nature; and our departure from truth even in a case of such emergency had filled us with remorse. To an ingenuous mind the smallest deviation from rectitude is felt too forcibly to be silenced by all the sophistry of self-love, and now that we were not even benefited by the artifice to which we had had recourse, we bitterly regretted that we had ever condescended to adopt it. "Alas!" said my father, whilst the tears trickled down his pale and furrowed cheeks, "what must our king, our unhappy king, have felt when obliged to retrace the painful steps of his flight! what must have been his sensations,

sations, as he looked on his family, when they re-entered a city from which they had been compelled to fly by its lawless turbulence !” Having made this reflection, he threw himself back in the carriage, being exhausted by fatigue and anxiety ; and with an air of desperate resignation added, “ Can I compare my sufferings with his? no; rather let me emulate his fortitude, and be grateful that I am spared his trials !”

As we approached the rue St. Denis, Clementina caught my hand in speechless terror, and grasped it almost convulsively. What a spectacle was at that moment presented to our eyes ! The brilliant illuminations, which in happier times denoted festivity and general rejoicing, now only served to warn the unhappy of their approaching danger, by discovering
crowds

crowds of armed men in every direction; and, as though the glare of day was not already sufficiently emulated by artificial light, women and boys ran through the streets with blazing torches, which threw a horrid gleam over the faces of ruffians, whose savage countenances were rendered still more ferocious by being stained with blood.

Our situation was now no less conspicuous than dangerous, and we again deplored the imprudent attempt which had placed us in it. The crowd complained of being incommoded by our carriage, and insultingly demanded who we were, that we should be elevated above them, and by what right, we claimed so odious a privilege. The cry of aristocrats now resounded from all around us; and the women in particular called loudly for liberty, equality, and
revenge!

revenge ! Fear so completely benumbed my senses, that I at length seemed only to hear those dreadful sounds as from a distance, or as in a dream. Alas ! from this comparatively happy lethargy I was roused, by shrieks which have never ceased to vibrate in my ears, by a sight which has never since left my eyes ! Oh my God, what did I feel at that moment ! they were the screams of Clementina which rent the air. I immediately looked up, and saw the mob forcibly dragging my father from the carriage.

M. de St. Edmund forgot his assumed character, and was rushing forward to stay the hand of the assassins, when the merciless villains stabbed him before my eyes ! Yes, I saw the poniards of ruffians enter the bosom of my husband, and I survived the sight ! My shrieks arrested his

his spirit in its course, It hovered on his lips, whilst he exclaimed : “ So soon torn from thee, oh, my Eugenia ! ” and then it fled for ever !

Think you, my dear aunt, that horror froze the blood in my veins ? or that nature, overcome with the shock, took refuge in insensibility ? Ah, no ! I have not yet suffered enough. My cup of sorrow is not yet exhausted. Surely, I am not destined to drink it even to the dregs !

Raising my eyes in anguish from the breathless body at my feet, I saw my father surrounded by the same wretches to whom my husband had just fallen a sacrifice. I heard the savage shouts of “ Down with the aristocrats ! Away with the enemies of their country ! ” I saw and heard, but could not move. I gazed in stupid
despair,

despair, and beheld the author of my being dragged away without making one effort to save him. Happily, Clementina was not so lost to every impression. She threw herself before these executioners, and exclaimed, "Wretches! would ye also kill my father? How has he offended you? Oh! spare him!" Then raising her clasped hands, she added, "Oh! spare him, if it be but for one hour! As you hope for mercy yourselves hereafter, shew it to him now!" Sobs at length choked her utterance; but eloquent even in silence, she knelt with such expressive anguish, that nature for a moment pleaded for her even in the breasts of these hardened murderers. Yes! they relented, and granted that my guiltless father should be conveyed to the Hotel de la Force, and be respited for that night. His children were not allowed to comfort him with their presence;

presence; but such was the agony which Clementina had before experienced, that this mitigation of it was ecstasy, and being overpowered by her feelings, she fell senseless into the arms of the parent whose life she had just preserved at the risk of her own. The cruel wretches, already repenting of their clemency, would not extend it by permitting my father the happiness of seeing her recover, and become sensible of his expressions of gratitude; at that moment, however, Seymour appeared, like an angel sent to our protection. He immediately understood our situation, and telling my father that he would see him if possible the next day, he took Clementina, who now began to revive, into his arms. My father, consoled by the unexpected appearance of this unwearied friend, recovered all his firmness, and with the politeness inherent in him, apologizing to

to his attendants for having detained them, he suffered himself to be conducted to the Hotel de la Force, by a file of musketeers. Weary of scenes of horror, the populace at length seemed inclined to cease persecuting us; but not knowing where to seek shelter, we bent our steps once more to the convent of Sainte Marie. All in that quarter was still, and we arrived there without any further molestation. But what a frightful spectacle was presented to us in the shattered windows, the sacked rooms and the mutilated appearance of the venerable mansion. The walls, however, yet remained; and wearied, harassed, and shocked as we had been, we were glad to place our dependence even on them for protection. Their desolate aspect accorded with our gloomy feelings. We passed the night in prayers and tears. Agitated by anxiety, and sickening with

VOL. II. H terror,

terror, sleep never offered itself to our affrighted senses, and it was not until after the morning sun had gilded the horizon, that we could flatter ourselves in the least with the hopes of safety.

Seymour had endeavoured to beguile the tedious hours of darkness and uncertainty by accounting for the timely protection which he was enabled to afford us. He said that his fears had for some days anticipated the disturbance which had that night taken place, but that he had not communicated his suspicions to us, from a wish that we might not partake of his alarm. He came to Sainte Marie on the first appearance of disorder, but finding soldiers assembled in part of it, he did not attempt to enter, as he could not have done so without attracting attention. He therefore mingled with the crowd

crowd, until the firing of the cannon, when his anxiety became so great that as soon as the gates were forced he rushed in, resolving to protect us or to die in the attempt. We had, however, fled, and he knew not whether to rejoice in our escape, or to lament it. Fortunately he eluded observation, and wandering through the streets in search of us, was successful at the precise instant when his aid was the most required. He learned that M. de St. Edmund's rout had been traced from his entrance into France even to Meirton's. It is therefore probable that his unhappy fate was only precipitated by the fury of the mob. The horror which the sudden and dreadful death of my husband has occasioned in me you will more easily conceive than I can describe. The only alleviation of which my grief is capable, arises from the conviction that I never offended

him, and that he loved me to the latest moments of his existence.

Let no one say that virtue is but a name. In the hour of affliction, the consolation derived from conscious rectitude is a solid good. By it I am now supported, and I hope that the same source will continue to support me through every other trial for which I may be yet reserved.

The next day our worthy Madame de Vaublanc ventured to return with two of the nuns to the convent. Their arrival afforded Seymour an opportunity of visiting my father, after which he thought it would be advisable for him to leave Paris according to his original intention, as it was highly probable that his active conduct on the preceding night might otherwise render him an object of suspicion,
and

and this for our sakes more than for his own he was anxious to avoid. It was with much difficulty that he obtained permission to see my father in the presence of a guard. He had, however, at last, the pleasure of assuring him of the welfare of his children, and seeing him perfectly cheerful and resigned in his confinement. Seymour returned to us to communicate these grateful tidings. In the course of the conversation he informed us, that my father had been considered as a suspected person ever since the execution of the king. "His attachment," said he, "to his unhappy master, as he always styled him, was well known." The terror with which this account seemed to inspire us, was perceived by Seymour, and he endeavoured to dissipate it by adding, that it was not probable my father's enemies would proceed to extremities ; and that after a few

few months imprisonment, they would be convinced of his innocence, and he would in all probability be restored to us without being for the future liable even to suspicion. Seymour then took his leave, warmly exhorting us to write to him on the slightest grounds for alarm, and above all not to suffer our fortitude to desert us.

I know not what to think,—I know not what to dread, but I am overwhelmed with melancholy forebodings. My father's life hangs on a probability, and that probability, alas ! it is within the power of the malignity of his adversaries at any time to determine.

This letter, my dear madam, has been the occupation of many days. My spirits are too much exhausted to dwell long on subjects so dreadful as those on which it treats ; since I began

gan it, however, our dwelling has once more assumed the appearance of tranquillity. Not knowing where we might be more safe, in times when danger visits alike the cottage and the court, and as we certainly cannot think of leaving Paris whilst my dear father's situation is so uncertain, we shall probably continue in the convent until our affairs assume a more favourable aspect. At present I am overpowered with bodily weakness and mental gloom. I regard the past with horror, and the future with despair.

Adieu ! my dear aunt ; my Clementina joins her most affectionate regard to those of

Yours most sincerely,

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER LV.

Madame de Tourville to Madame de St. Edmund:

Belle-vue.

ALAS! my dear child, how sincerely do I sympathize in your sorrows! They are indeed of such a nature, that the utmost fortitude is scarcely equal to the task of bearing up against them. Of all sensations, that of horror is the least easily effaced. The bitterest regret, if devoid of self-reproach, may be softened into pleasing remembrance,
by

by the gradual, though imperceptible touch of time ; for never was truth more elegantly expressed, than by the poet who raised a temple to Time, with this inscription, "*A celui qui console.*" But for events, which excite only painful recollections, what remedy can be applied. The mind, instead of becoming familiarized to them, is only more sensible to the remembrance of the emotions which they excited, and cannot dwell upon their occurrence without associating with it at the same time a repetition of the shock which they occasioned.

It is a common remark, that misfortunes seldom come alone. Why may we not think that the benevolent Disposer of all events permits their increase, that our attention may be diverted from the contemplation of one, by the endeavour to avert others ?

others. Make this use of yours, my dear child, extract good from evil, and convert your afflictions into benefits. Consider that the distressing situation of your poor father may be intended by the Divine Being to rouse you from the indulgence of fruitless sorrow !

Remember, that Clementina has no companion but you, and endeavour in your anxiety for her, to forget the dreadful loss which you have so recently sustained. I know that it is not possible, entirely to suppress our feelings; but we may and ought to render them subservient to the interests of humanity. Our grief for the loss of friends ought to increase our kindness towards those who remain; and regret for the past is the strongest incitement to additional care for the future.

Would

Would that I might personally offer to you the consolations which I feel my inability to communicate in writing so fully as I could wish ! How happy should I consider myself, could I see you and my dear Clementina once more the inmates of Bellevue.

But, situated as you are with respect to your father, I can no more urge a request of this kind than you can grant it. No, my dear children, I cannot ask you to desert your only surviving parent. The knowledge of your being placed so near him, will soothe the pain of his separation from you ; and you will feel more consoled by the ease with which you can procure information concerning him, than you could be by reflecting, that though your own safety was increased, your distance from him was increased likewise.

I never

I never saw your uncle more affected than he was on hearing the account of your poor father's imprisonment. "If characters like his must suffer," he exclaimed, "then Frenchmen are indeed lost to every sense of integrity and virtue." Need I say how much I am likewise distressed by it! My heart bleeds; when my imagination pictures him in a lonely apartment, or perhaps surrounded by those whose manners may shock, or whose misfortunes may wound him. And when I turn to you, my dear children, and see you in the desolate chambers of Sainte Marie, weeping together, I exclaim, "Oh! why may not I mingle my tears with theirs?" Your uncle seeing how much I am hurt by the misfortunes of those so dear to me, kindly devotes his whole time to me. We endeavour to prevent thought, by bodily exertion, we walk together through
the

the fields and plantations, and admire the beauties of nature, while we contrast her harmony with the discordant passions of men.

It is only a short time since we began to plant the paddock at the end of the garden, with an intention of diverting through it the little brook which pours its murmuring stream along the adjacent fields ; but rural improvements now afford us no pleasure, as our anxiety for the present deprives us of the enjoyment which, the idea of the future might otherwise afford. Let us, however, hope, my dear children, that the time may yet arrive, when we may follow in peace those occupations which are at once innocent and useful, and be enabled to share their benefits with those friends whose fate now excites in us so much interest.

Adieu!

Adieu! my dear children; be assured that in proportion, as my affection becomes more necessary to you, it shall, if possible, be increased by

Yours most sincerely,

SOPHIE DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER LVI.

Henry de Tourville to Madame de St. Edmund.

From the camp at * * * *

ONCE more, my adored Eugenia, I address you. Once more I implore you to hear the breathings of an impassioned soul. To bestow the rare fleeting gift of happiness is again in your power. Oh! Eugenia, let me again crave a boon which you alone can give.

The

The months of misery which I have passed since I parted from you, have only imprinted your image more deeply on my heart; the active life which I have been constrained to lead, has only made me look back with fonder regret, to the blissful retirement of Belle-vue; where I drank deeply of that intoxicating passion, which was more dear to me than the life of which it alternately formed the happiness and torment.

Ah! Eugenia, without you I cannot be said to live. When I rise in the morning, I feel a sensation of hopeless languor, which tells me that returning day brings not happiness to me; and when at night I reflect that it is over, I return to my solitary couch with a sensation almost resembling pleasure.

Yet:

Yet I cannot cease to regret, that in the spring of life, I should thus be condemned to waste the precious days which are as valuable as they are fleeting, in the contemplation of unhappiness that can only be relieved by the torpor of despair ! Despair ! why do I write that word, at a moment when hope wears her most enchanting aspect ? Yes, Eugenia, suffer me to hope ; suffer me to lay at your feet the laurels which through your means I have won, as it is to you alone I owe the fame which I have been fortunate enough to acquire. Careless of a life which appeared to possess no charm for me, I have risked it repeatedly, without meriting the commendation which I received for my bravery ; my forwardness in the battle was not the effect of courage only ; and my life was spared to me repeatedly, without even an effort on my part

part to save it; and indeed, I am afraid, often without exciting the gratitude which its preservation ought to have inspired in me. But now my life and fame are alike dear to me, for to you, my Eugenia, I dedicate both. Already should I have thrown myself at your feet, and supplicated your acceptance of them, but, alas! there are ties stronger even than those of love! How warmly should I have denied such an assertion before I became a soldier—now I must acknowledge its force. I will not be dishonoured in your eyes, my Eugenia; and I should indeed deem myself unworthy of your esteem, were I capable of considering only my own happiness, at a period when the welfare of my country is at stake.

We are in daily expectation of an engagement, which will, I hope, prove
decisive,

decisive, and check the effusion of blood, which has already deluged our miserable country.

If Heaven kindly grant me a continuance of the success with which I have hitherto been favoured, I will add another sprig to the wreath which my brother officers have already bestowed on me ; I will then present myself before you, to implore the possession of that hand, which will make me the happiest of men, and which it shall be my unceasing effort to deserve.

Do not, my precious love, trifle with my feelings ; do not keep me on the rack of suspense ; I endured its tortures too long, during the interval which is sacred to the memory of the dead, and on which I forebore to intrude. You are too generous to
act

act with unnecessary cruelty, and too benevolent to possess the power of conferring happiness, without making use of it.

Let not the situation of your father give you one moment's uneasiness; I know his innocence and can prove it: trust his fate to me; I will endeavour to procure his release, and I think I am not too sanguine in saying, that I hope to succeed; my countrymen will not deny me the only favour which I shall ever ask of them. Oh, could my single arm save France from ruin, the ecstasy of procuring happiness for my Eugenia, and of delivering her father from danger, would be the highest reward that I could claim for my services!

And may I yet be blest? Yes, I may effect this change, and then I shall

shall see my Eugenia's soft yet brilliant eyes, which have so often turned from my ardent gaze, beam forth tenderness on me, and reflect my own love in their liquid lustre ; then shall I drink ecstasy in every glance, until, transported with delight, I clasp my matchless love in those arms, which shall shield her from every ill, and press her to a bosom, where her image is imprinted on every fibre, and where it shall reign beyond the grave.

Our joys, my darling Eugenia, shall not be tarnished by one thought of limited duration. Doubt not, that we shall resume in another world the love which will have constituted our happiness in this, and that endless ages will witness the purity and sublimity of our passion. Our great and benevolent Creator has not implanted in our bosoms a spark of his
own

own essence, merely to kindle a transitory mortal flame! The bright torch of virtuous love is destined to glow throughout eternity, and by its undeviating light to prepare the heart for receiving the noblest impressions, and for turning devoutly towards that throne, before which

“ Angels praise, and seraphs burn.”

Need we then ask in what the joys of Heaven will consist, when even on earth we anticipate them in the blest feelings of adoration and gratitude to our Maker; love to one object selected from creation, and friendship and good-will towards our fellow creatures? May we, my only love and best friend, be grateful for the happiness which I trust we shall enjoy! May every day that ensures it to us, see us endeavouring to render ourselves

selves more worthy of it; and may our example teach those around us that by seeking virtue they shall find peace!

Inspired by this anticipation of our bliss, how truly happy I feel at this moment! I seem as if newly created, and impatiently wish for the moment which will, I hope, conduct me to all that my heart holds dear. Surely it is not this thought which can render me a coward! And yet in dwelling on it, I am sensible of an anxiety superior to any which I ever before experienced. Not to dread in some degree the risk to which I may shortly be exposed, would be to despise the blessings of which it may deprive me. But this consideration, though it may make me cautious, will, I trust, have an effect immediately opposite to that of rendering

rendering me pusillanimous. My first wish is to devote my life to you; my next is, that the recollection of my death may never excite in you any unpleasing regrets. Farewell, dear source of all my joys, farewell! I shall only wish to exist, that I may be permitted once more to behold thee. And yet may not excess of joy prove fatal, or is it possible that I can bear emotions even more powerful than those which now throb through my breast, and heighten bliss to the extremest verge of rapture! Oh, my Eugenia, do not our hearts at this moment beat in unison? Surely I hear, I feel the responsive pulsation of my love's! Ah, let me hope that I may soon hear her acknowledge herself willing to join her destiny to that of her

Faithful and devoted Lover,

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER LVIII.



Madame de St. Edmund to Henry de Tourville

Sainte Marie, Paris.

THE sight of your hand-writing, my dear Henry, and the certainty that it afforded me of your safety, inspired me with sensations which I should once have thought delightful, but now distressed by their novelty. I almost wish that the lethargy of feeling which I had flattered myself was tranquillity, had not been interrupted

interrupted by them. Among the numerous evils attendant on sorrow, it is not one of the least, that by a long continuance of it, the mind loses the power of being susceptible of joy :

“ The long imprison’d wretch

“ Emerging from the night of his damp cell,

“ Shrinks from the sun’s bright beams, and that
which throws

“ Gladness o’er all, to him is agony !”

Yet I can scarcely conceive that any degree of wretchedness could render your welfare, Henry, a subject of indifference to me. I am, however, more than ever sensible of the excess of my past sorrows, as I feel that the remembrance of them can damp even the only pleasure which I am now capable of receiving

I should be altogether unworthy of your regard, if the knowledge of its
undiminished

undiminished continuance were not grateful to me. To possess your esteem, is to be raised in my own; yet pardon me if I do not express so fully as I ought, my sense of its value; believe me it is not that I am insensible of it, but your worth is a subject on which, however I have loved to contemplate, I yet fear to speak.

My mind, like an untuned instrument, produces only jarring sounds, even when joy's fairy fingers strike the chords. You urge me, Henry, to confer happiness upon you. Oh! were I certain that the inestimable boon is indeed mine to give, how would the thought add swiftness to my pen, and elasticity to my ideas! In conferring it on you, I should ensure it to myself; but alas! I have been so often disappointed, that I scarcely dare listen to the suggestions of hope.

My past sufferings already rise to my remembrance, and I tremble when I think that there may be yet more reserved for me. Even now they have commenced ! When I reflect upon the dangers to which you are daily and hourly exposed, all the fortitude which sustained me in my own trials, vanishes in my apprehensions for your safety. Pardon my inconsistency, my dear Henry ; I know not what I would say. Teach me compliance with your requests, by granting it to mine. Suffer not the vain applause of an idle crowd to be more valuable to you than the heart felt approbation of her whom you profess to love. Oh ! risk not my life in your's ; think how precious to me is that existence which you daily offer at the shrine of false honour, and imaginary valour ; and that in its loss, the wretchedness of one who has already felt the heavy
pressure

pressure of misery, would be completed. Have you forgotten the morning when we wept together, over Marmontel's charming tale of "La Bergere des Alpes?" You admired the weakness of the lovely Adelaide : oh ! compassionate mine.

Tell me no more of that imperious voice of honour, which you are cruel enough even to acknowledge, overpowers in your bosom the still small whispers of affection. You have already acquitted yourself to your country ; forget not the claims of individuals on your actions. At this juncture of temporary inactivity, you have an opportunity of leaving the army without even a possibility that the shadow of reproach can obscure the brilliancy of your past exploits, for no one can doubt the courage, of which, in the hour of emergency, you.

you have given such decisive proofs. In what consists the value of the laurel wreath, to obtain which you press forward, unchecked by obstacles, unappalled by perils ! To me this envied prize appears the trophy of madness, bathed in cruelty's ensanguined streams ; and were I to hear the shouts of applauding multitudes, I should imagine that I could distinguish in them the shrieks of widows, and the cries of orphans : thus would the epithet of conqueror be lost in that of murderer.

If then, Henry, you be really anxious for the success of your suit, urge it in person, for then my gratitude will plead irresistibly in your favour, even had you no warmer advocate in a breast where, amidst all the sad vicissitudes of woe, your image has remained unchanged.

How

How shall I conclude? My heart accuses me of having said too little, but my burning blushes lead me to fear that I have said too much. What shall I decide? You will be convinced of the opinion which I entertain of your impartiality and judgment, by the compliment that I pay you, in appointing you the arbiter in this cause of your

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER LX.

Charles Seymour to Monsieur de Tourville.

From the camp at * * * *

Respected and worthy Sir,

IN communicating bad tidings, it is too frequently customary to agitate the minds of the parties destined to receive them, by mysterious hints and melancholy forebodings. Those means can only rouse and irritate the feelings, whilst they deprive them of the calmness and fortitude which are indispensably necessary to enable us to support

support misfortunes with a proper degree of resignation. I shall not follow a practice which I have always condemned, and which is generally found useless. I must therefore inform you, however melancholy the task, that you are no longer a father ! Death has arrested the progress of your son in the midst of a career, which would have been the most brilliant ever run by so young a man. Your tears will flow with bitterness to the memory of the most amiable and affectionate of children; and I shall long mourn the loss of a friend in whose honour and attachment I had the most unbounded confidence.—I will now acquit myself of the sad duty, which I owe to his memory, by fulfilling the promise that he required from me on his death-bed, to transmit to you the inclosed letters, with an account of his last moments.

Only three days are past since your son was in the pride of youth and health. On the very morning of that fatal day fixed for the engagement, in which, by the loss of life, he gained a deathless fame, he had received a most affectionate letter from Madame de St. Edmund, and never did I see him more happy or more interesting.

Eugenia was the constant theme of his discourse. His fine eyes sparkled with redoubled lustre, his lips smiled unconsciously every time that he pronounced her name, and as he put her letter into his bosom, he exultingly said, that he should need no other shield. At length the hour of attack approached: your Henry drew up his men with all the ardour and spirit which so strongly marked his character.

But though animated, he was yet
thought-

thoughtful, for life had that morning become valuable to him, and he was not less anxious to preserve it, than he was to increase the reputation that he had before so justly gained.

The engagement commenced, and your son performed prodigies of valour; he flew from rank to rank, encouraging all by his words, whilst he animated them by his example. His eyes flashed fire, but his breast was the seat of mercy. He conquered, yet he wished not to destroy: his own destruction, alas! was not far distant. In a fatal moment he perceived that his general was in imminent danger, and surrounded by a party of the enemy in which he perceived the contemptible La Vilette, a wretch who has at different times espoused every party, and disgraced each by his perfidy, meanness, and sanguinary barbarities.

This

This man was basely attempting to stab the general at the very instant that he was receiving an acquiescence to his pretended request for quarter and a safe escort. Henry, rushing like lightning between them, warded off the blow, but, alas ! he received it on his own breast. For some time he paid no attention to his wound, but having at length succeeded in putting the party to flight, and in bringing off his general, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the soldiers, he was roused to a sense of his situation, by the extreme anguish which he endured, and soon becoming insensible, from the loss of blood, he sunk at the feet of him whose life he had preserved at the expence of his own, and who was pouring out the warmest effusions of a grateful heart.

The universal joy which the victory

tory had inspired was damped by the concern which the sufferings of so brave and worthy an officer occasioned throughout the army

His agonies were indeed excruciating during the time which was vainly spent in endeavouring to extract a musket ball from the wound. At length they subsided, and were followed by a deep sleep, from which he awoke calm and refreshed; but his wound was too evidently mortal to permit us for one moment to be flattered by the suggestions of hope.

When he understood that in all probability he could only live a few hours, the heightened colour which had been occasioned by the pain of his wound was changed for several minutes into deadly paleness; and raising his eyes to Heaven, he was for
some

some time employed in the most fervent prayer and ejaculation. During this time his fortitude seemed to return in all its wonted vigour, and he soon after ordered Ormond, his valet, to bring him his writing-desk, and turning to me said with the utmost composure, "I will transact all the business I wish to perform now; and I can then dedicate entirely to you the short time that I may have to spare." Poor Ormond was drowned in tears as he brought the writing-desk to his master, whose situation he could not bear to contemplate for a moment.

Henry wrote his letters on the pillow, though not without being sensible of great inconvenience from the effort that he was obliged to make. The pain which he endured caused large drops of sweat to stand on his
fine

fine forehead, but his bodily anguish appeared to be trifling in comparison with his mental sufferings. He paused as he finished each line, his lips quivered in reading it, and his eyes were suffused in tears which fell upon the paper as he leaned over it to conceal his emotions.

Think, my dear sir, what I felt on thus witnessing this invaluable young man hastening in the very bloom of life to dissolution.

The setting sun threw its departing beams on his bed, and irradiated his expressive countenance with a glow which appeared almost more than human. I looked towards him in anguish, and at that moment my sensations were as indescribable as they were melancholy. My tears seemed to flow, not for my friend alone, but
for

for all those who, like him, had once been the darling of their friends, and who had died far from them, in solitary sufferings, unassuaged by sympathy, unconsolated by attentions, unwept by mourning affection. Never was my mind more deeply impressed with a sense of the miseries of life than when I saw my dear Henry so much agitated, yet still employed; suffering almost beyond human powers of endurance, yet agonized at the prospect of resigning existence, even though it was then only a source of torment to him. Surely there cannot be presented to the feeling mind, a spectacle more distressing than that of a young person whose death is inevitable, clinging to life, looking back with fond regret to the pleasures which he has scarcely begun to taste, and seeing all his plans of happiness frustrated by the stern summons of
that

that inexorable power from whose mandate there is no appeal.

To the aged, death, if not a welcome guest, is at least an expected visitor, and they may be supposed to feel little reluctance on leaving a world in which they have become solitary, for another where they may hope to rejoin those whose earlier departure they have long lamented. But when the youthful heart, glowing with sensibility and love, and warm with innumerable sensations of indescribable delight, considers existence itself as a happiness, then his approach is dreaded, and every aid of religion and philosophy is required to meet his decrees with resignation.

When Henry had finished his letters, he called me to his bed side, and pressing my hand with fervour, said,

said, " Seymour, you have ever been my sincerest friend, and it is not now in the hour of need that I fear finding you less so. Promise to protect my father and mother, if they at any time require assistance which you can render them. And, oh, Seymour! promise me above all that you will never forsake my Eugenia." He paused, but soon proceeded, saying, " I have loved her, Seymour, from the first moment I beheld her, after my return to Paris ; I adore her at this instant, if possible, more than ever, nor can I conceive any state of existence, to which I may be called, where the remembrance of her can ever be effaced. Oh, Seymour, life is a treasure even to the most friendless and wretched. What an inestimable one was it then to me, when I had the hope of spending it with my Eugenia ! The cup of bliss was presented

sented to my lips, but as I was on the point of tasting, fate dashed it from them !

“Whilst my being was a burthen to me, it was spared : when it might become a source of rapture to me, I am called on to resign it. I mean not, however, to repine. I bow before the will of God, and am sustained by the firm belief, that we shall all meet again. Seymour, cherish for ever the consolatory hope, that in a future state we shall recognize our friends. We have reason and revelation to authorize it, and divested of it, life would be a scene of misery ; of attachments formed in madness, to be broken in despair ; of affections which must ultimately lacerate the heart that indulges in them ; for the conviction of their terminating with our existence, must triumph over all possible enjoyment of them.

them. Yes! I trust that my Eugenia will meet me in Heaven, and that there, Seymour, our friendship will also be renewed."

After a pause of a few minutes, he continued thus: "My dear Seymour, you have always been kind to me; and I trust that you will continue your kindness beyond the grave. Prove it, by your attachment to all those whom I have loved. Think of me often, for the idea of dying in the memory of our friends is dreadful. Above all, prepare yourself by an habitual course of virtue to meet the hour when you also may see life fast receding, and yet fondly wish to retain it, as I do at this moment: may you, however, in that trying and awful situation, be strengthened by the same hope and consolation which now support me, under the agony of
parting.

parting from all which I hold dear!"

He paused again; his countenance changed, and he repeatedly pressed Eugenia's letter to his breast, as if to relieve the anguish which he felt there. His youthful brow was soon after covered with the cold damp of death, and he with difficulty exclaimed, "Oh! my Eugenia, my parents, my friends, farewell! I must leave you; but it is only to lead where you will follow!"

He spoke distinctly no more, but his lips moved in prayer whilst yet life hovered on them. The surgeons stood round his bed in silent pity, his valet sobbed aloud, whilst I hung in speechless grief over the dear friend of my youth, the partaker of all my cares, the companion of all my pleasures.

pleasures. He looked up once more ; he grasped my hand yet closer, and his spirit fled to regions of immortality and bliss!

I was soon left alone, to mourn over the irreparable loss which I had sustained of a friend chosen in that happy period of life, when the heart, warm in its affections, and a novice in the deceits of the world, offers all its treasures to a congenial mind. From a friendship formed at that period, we are endeared to each other by every future disappointment and vexation: these are mutual, and create an increase of sympathy, while they render yet more precious the attachment formed in the careless hours of unsuspecting innocence. Invaluable treasure! how shall I supply the void which thy loss has left in my heart? By another friend? no: I have

have now learned to distrust, and others to deceive. I can only resign and mourn !

I conjure you, my dear sir, that you and Madame de Tourville will accept my condolences in your afflictions. Command me to the utmost whenever I can be serviceable to you, and give me the pleasure of fulfilling my duty to my deceased friend, at the same that I gratify myself, by endeavouring to supply as much as is in my power the loss which his death has occasioned to his revered parents.

I wish that I could prevail on you to retire to England for some time. For my own part, I shall be obliged to return to it ere long, as I have continued my residence in France until I can scarcely expect to remain unnoticed.

unnoticed. I can be no longer amused in scenes which, deprived of my earliest friend, I shall feel no interest in contemplating ; and I shall leave them without regret, as I can now no longer have an opportunity of comparing his opinion on them with my own.

I shall express my wishes on this subject more fully when I next write ; in the interim, I need not beg that the inclosed letter to Madame de St. Edmund may be forwarded immediately. I cannot bear to think of the shock that it will occasion her ; but as soon as I have transacted the affairs which my friend has left to my charge, I will return to Paris, to weep with her : I will then implore her to consider me as her brother, and when I cease to act as one towards her, may my own sisters reproach me with my baseness, and
may

may I be an outcast from that society to which I should certainly be a disgrace.

Farewell, my dear sir. Almost my only remaining consolation is the power, which I yet possess, of subscribing myself,

Your most sincere friend,

and devoted servant,

CHARLES SEYMOUR.

LETTER LXI.

Henry de Tourville to Madame de St. Edmund.

(Inclosed in the preceding.)

Camp at * * * * *

IN considering what will be the feelings of my Eugenia after receiving this letter, I am unmanned; all my fortitude then deserts me; I deplore my early doom, and would shrink from submission to the command which it is yet impossible to disobey.

When

When you read these lines, the hand which wrote, and the heart which suggested them, will be consigned to the silent tomb. Strange, wonderful, incomprehensible thought! in a few short hours my perturbed spirit will be at rest : its flutterings will be calmed ; the regrets with which my soul is now filled will be hushed ; and soon even my memory will be forgotten, except by one who will always cherish and love it.

Ah ! my Eugenia, the morning sun arose, and invigorated with his beams my heart, which then glowed in happiness, and exulted in hope. This evening his setting rays shine on my bed, to illuminate the moment of my dissolution.

Immediately after the hour was fixed for the engagement which I too

truly prognosticated might prove decisive, I received your letter. I blessed it, and regarding it as a talisman to protect me from every ill, I placed it in my bosom as a shield. Alas ! it could not defend me from the hand of a villain ; but even now the sight of it assuages the tortures of a wound which, joined to mental anguish, would otherwise be intolerable.

As a soldier, my Eugenia, I could meet death with fortitude ; as a christian, with resignation : but, as a lover—ah ! Eugenia, there only am I vulnerable, in that view only is the contemplation of my doom terrible. Alas ! I shrink from its approach, I implore a respite in vain ; my fate is inevitable, yet I cannot summon resolution to meet it with firmness. [Ye, who have loved as I have, pity me !

My

My Eugenia, my soul's delight, must I then be torn from thee? Must I then leave thee desolate, solitary, and unprotected! Surely, whilst consciousness remains, I must remember thee, and watch over thee with unceasing attention. I shall behold thy pilgrimage on earth, thy weary pilgrimage, and shall with rapture witness it drawing to its close. Perhaps my spirit may be permitted to hover round thy bed, to whisper promised peace to thy pure soul, and finally to conduct thee to kingdoms of eternal bliss!

Farewell, most beloved of women! matchless in virtues as in charms unrivalled, farewell!

I have cut from my burning temples the lock of hair which you have so often sportively admired. I have
bathed

bathed it in my tears; accept it, my Eugenia, and let it sometimes remind you of him who adored you. I shrink from the sad idea of being forgotten. Where is now my heroism? Alas! it deserts me in this sudden and bitter trial. I am called from a world which was just rendered delightful to me, from the possession of her who promised to make me the happiest of men. Pardon me, gracious Heaven, if I murmur against thy decrees! Pardon me, my gentle love, for the agonies I may cause thee! Oh! mayest thou never know pangs like mine at this moment! and may Heaven graciously protect thee, till thou art restored to him whose fidelity to thee is unshaken, even in death!

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER LXII.

Henry de Tourville to Monsieur de Tourville.

(Inclosed in Seymour's Letter.)

Camp at * * * * *

My dear and worthy parents;

THE pangs which you will feel, on hearing of my untimely death, add bitterness to my fate. At this awful moment, when the most imperceptible portion of time is invaluable, I must be brief in my adieus, though they shall be warm as the feelings which inspire them.

Accept,

Accept, my most beloved parents, my grateful thanks for the indulgencies which, from my birth, you have lavished on me. Pardon every instance where I may have appeared unmindful of, or ungrateful for them; and believe me when I assure you, that in every visionary scheme which I had formed for my own happiness, the hope of contributing to yours always formed a prominent feature of it.

I have yet, my dear father, one request to make, one last favour to ask, and by granting it, you will inexpressibly add to every other which you have already conferred on me. It is, alas! how are all my regrets renewed! it is for her whom even in death I must call mine, for my Eugenia that I plead. Oh! my dear father, as you love the memory of your son, so love her, who is dearer
to

to me than the life I now feel fast ebbing in my veins, and which I so reluctantly resign. Be yourself a father to her; shield her, protect her from every ill; and, in return, may your virtues meet with their merited reward! may your life be long and happy, and your death tranquil and serene! To my mother, I need not recommend my darling Eugenia, who, as well as the lovely Clementina, is sufficiently endeared to her, by being the offspring of a beloved sister. She will be a kind parent to them, and in her bosom my Eugenia will unburthen her sorrows. They will mingle their tears, until sympathy produces consolation; and when the bitterness of grief shall be past, I shall be remembered, as I could wish, with tender, melancholy regret.

Farewell, my honoured, revered father!

ther! farewell, my affectionate, beloved mother! I bequeath to you an inestimable treasure, in the friendship of Seymour, and trust that you will accept of his endeavours to console you.

The world fades fast from my sight: noises unknown before now ring in my ears, and new sensations glide through my frame. They have the icy coldness of death, and warned by them, my exhausted frame seems preparing to yield its immortal tenant with less reluctance to the stern mandate.

Farewell!

HENRY DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER LXIII.

Madame de Tourville to Clementina de St. Far.

(Inclosing the three preceding letters.)

Belle-vue.

WHAT a dreadful task is mine ! My sweet Clementina, read the inclosed letters ; but think not that the measure of my woes was full, for learn, that on the very day when my son sacrificed his life for his country, on that day his father was led to the scaffold,

scaffold, after an imprisonment of only a few hours, and slaughtered without even the shadow of an accusation !

He has, however, at least been spared the affliction of mourning over his only child. Ah ! my loved Clementina, my dear unhappy Eugenia, it is only for you and for your father that I still live ; it is only for you that I can ever again know hope or fear, for you only can my heart ever again feel interested.

When I beheld the hand-writing of Seymour, I bathed the letter in my tears, and exclaimed in anguish as I opened it, "Alas ! he sends tidings of my son, but who will rejoice with me ? my Henry, has perhaps gained new honours, but whose heart will be gladdened with them ?" Ah ! too soon I found that the same day had left me
at

at once childless and a widow. For some time I was stupified with excess of grief, and thought that I could resign my son with indifference, as I had no longer his father to share in the happiness which he afforded us.

At length I felt rather composed, and I began to write. But in order to write it was necessary to think, and to think, is to recall all our most exquisite sensations. Alas! what do I not experience at this moment!

Oh God! thou wilt not try us beyond our strength, nor wilt thou bend the heart under the load of affliction without teaching it resignation! Pray for me, my children! pray that I may be able to bear my misfortunes with fortitude, and that I may be spared to shew myself a mother to you. There needed not the dying request of my
poor

poor boy to render you dear to me ; my wish to serve you will ever remain undiminished , though my power may, I fear, be more circumscribed. Your poor uncle's possessing property was his only crime, and consequently no part of it is spared to me. It is, however, for you alone that I regret the loss of riches; for, as the possession of them cannot in the smallest degree restore peace to the wounded mind, the deprivation of them will not be considered as an additional calamity.

Alas ! is mine capable of receiving any addition ? surely only in the unhappiness of you, my beloved nieces, and of your worthy father. You are now my only avenues to pain or pleasure ; and in your welfare I must still rejoice, as I shall still be alive to all your sorrows !

Would

Would that I could be with you! my steps seem to be attracted towards Sainte Marie, yet I have not resolution to form any plans for the future, still less to execute them.

Write to me, my Clementina ; console my Eugenia for this heavy blow ; and may He, who has thought proper to afflict her with it, also support her under it. Farewell, my dear children ! my sole remaining treasures, farewell !

SOPHIA DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER LXIV.

Clementina de St. Far to Madame de Tourville.

Prison de l'Abbaye.

LET not the date of this letter, my dearest aunt, cause you one moment's uneasiness. We have been here three weeks, and though during that time I was much hurt, by being prevented from writing to you, as I knew your anxiety to hear from us, yet I am now inclined to rejoice in the delay,

as

as I shall, in consequence, be enabled to send you a much more favourable account of my sister, than I could have done at any earlier period.

Her gentle spirit has been indeed severely tried, and I feared that her delicate frame would have proved utterly unequal to the support of her emotions. Happily, her overcharged feelings produced a remedy in their own effects. She found a respite from her sorrows in the insensibility which was occasioned by their acuteness ; and on her recovery, as they returned gradually to her recollection, she was enabled to bear them with more calmness.

I never saw my sister more animated and more lovely than on the day when your letter arrived.

We

We had been walking, and a thousand innocent schemes of future pleasure had constituted the subjects of our conversation. Eugenia's eyes, as she raised them in expressions of gratitude to Heaven, sparkled with the refulgence of hope, while smiles of transport played upon her lips, and her light footsteps scarcely pressed the flowers over which she passed; her whole appearance was, indeed, that of a being too sublime, too spiritualized for an inhabitant of this world; and it appeared ready at every instant to soar from it for its own native skies.

Alas! how warmly did I anticipate the happiness which I then considered as being in store for her, and for our ever lamented Henry! how affectingly did she thank me for the interest that I appeared to take in it! how harmoniously

moniously did our ideas combine !
Alas ! never, never more shall we experience such animated sensations of delight as filled our bosoms that afternoon in the gardens of Sainte Marie !

When we had concluded our walk, my sister went into the parlour, and struck on her harp sounds which might indeed "take th' imprison'd soul, and lap it in Elysium." The gay and charming strains thrilling through the heart, irresistibly excited every feeling of love, hope, joy, and youth. She played the tunes to which we had danced in infancy, and warbled the airs which we had so often sung together at Belle-vue. I was overpowered with the sweetest emotions, and left the room in order to conceal their effects. Scarcely had I closed the door when your packet was delivered to me.

A pre-

A presentiment of evil inspired me with a wish to read it alone. Judge, my dear aunt, of my sufferings—judge of my grief for you, and of my anguish for my sister. “Oh! spare me, gracious Heaven!” I exclaimed, “the cruel task of destroying the fairy fabric raised by her imagination. Inspire her with some sad foreboding of her loss, and let not me have the misery of precipitating her from the greatest height of happiness to the lowest depth of despair!” I wept, I wrung my hands, and at that moment would gladly have resigned my being; but the recollection of the services which I might render to my sister under her afflictions reconciled me to life in the hope of making it useful to her.

I wished, yet dreaded that she might be surprised at my long absence, and that she would come to inquire its cause;

cause ; but she was then happy, and time flies with its greatest swiftness when marked only by pleasurable ideas.

The sprightly tones of her harp still vibrated on my ear, but their effect now was wholly different. I shuddered, and exclaimed, “ Unhappy Eugenia, you are celebrating the death of your hopes, you are rejoicing in the loss of all that you hold most dear ! ”

The horror which this thought inspired, gave me momentary strength, and thinking it cruelty to suffer her delusion to be continued, I found myself almost unconsciously at the door of the parlour, and opened it without having given myself time to think of the manner in which I was to act. Eugenia observed not my entrance, her countenance still shone

shone with the expression of delight, her eyes were still bright with that lustre which, when they met mine, they might be for ever deprived of. The thought was agony ; I groaned, and raised my clasped hands to Heaven. Eugenia started, looked up, and in an instant the ashy paleness of terror chased from her cheeks the glowing tints of happiness. “ Clementina,” she exclaimed, coming quickly towards me, “ what has befallen you ? tell me, I conjure you ! Oh !” added she, raising her voice, “ my dear father is murdered, and you dare not tell me ! Yet speak, my beloved sister, speak, for any certainty is preferable to the horrible suspense in which your silence detains me.” I wept, and pressing her to my bosom, I replied, “ No, no, wretched that I am ! I think his death I could better have borne.” “ What !” rejoined
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ed Eugenia, “ is it then to Seymour that some misfortune has happened? Tell me, my poor Clementina; let me comfort you, let me weep with you.” Her tears indeed began already to flow, at the idea of our having lost so invaluable a friend. I was encouraged by them to proceed, as I hoped that they might relieve her, and that I should be able to communicate the heart-breaking information, before she could check them in order to repeat her inquiries.

The total unconsciousness, however, which she discovered of the extent of her misfortunes, deprived me of the power of utterance, and I could only hold out your fatal packet, as I turned away my head to avoid witnessing the emotions to which its contents might give rise. The sight of the
black

black seal was sufficient to confirm her most fearful suspicions. Eugenia shrieked, and covering her face with her hands, she exclaimed, "Is my Henry then dead? is it for him that you weep? Oh God!" added she, throwing herself on her knees, "spare me but this dreadful trial, avert from me but this cruel blow! And yet surely my fears are groundless; I have been too easily alarmed. Tell me, my dear Clementina, that it is not as I dread. I will not rise, till I know what I have to suffer. Alas! if it be as I forebode, can I ever rise again?"—"Ah!" I replied, "it is indeed too true that our dear cousin has fallen; but let me entreat you for my sake to be calm."—"Calm!" she answered with a wild, though settled aspect, to me more terrifying than one the most distracted; "am I not calm?"

calm? do I complain? do I weep?" Alas! I should have rejoiced if she had wept: she remained kneeling with her hands crossed on her bosom, and her eyes raised to Heaven. It seemed as if the fountain of her heart, freezing under the chilling influence of despair, was unable to grant her the relief of tears. Her sensations were, however, too agonizing to be long endured in silence, and recovering in a few minutes from the stupefaction which had overcome her senses, she rent the air with loud shrieks of anguish, and these echoing through the spacious and deserted apartments, returned to my ears with increased horror. At last, sinking under her sufferings, she was conveyed in a state of insensibility to her bed, which I long feared she would never again be able to leave.

Three weeks I watched over her,

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and during this time I was in almost constant expectation that her terrified spirit was about to take refuge in kinder regions. In the beginning of the fourth week, however, she gave signs of returning recollection, and I was hailing the favourable omen with gratitude, when I was informed that two of the municipal officers wished to speak with me on business. My heart throbbed with fear. I immediately thought of my father, but I was relieved from my anxiety on his account, when, on entering the room in which they were, I was civilly told that my presence and that of my sister were required at the Abbaye.

I was not in the least alarmed, as I had heard that all the noblesse remaining in Paris were shortly to be put under arrest, and I could not flatter myself that we were so fallen in consequence as to be utterly disregarded.

ed. Yet I was miserable on my sister's account, and I stated her situation to the officers, adding that any removal in her dangerous state might be attended with consequences the most fatal to her safety. Arguments were, however, vain, and entreaties fruitless. I was barely allowed time to have some clothes packed up; my servant was not permitted to accompany me, and I saw my poor sister conveyed here, as I then thought, to die. I thank God, however, that she has since recovered considerably, and though I feared that the shock of finding herself in such a situation, might in her weak state have occasioned a relapse, when sensible of the change, she bore it with the greatest fortitude.

Now, my dear aunt, having brought my melancholy narration down to the present time, I must conclude. Let us have the consolation of hearing

from you, and let us know that your health is favourable, so far at least as it is in your own power to make it so.

Your letters may be directed as usual. We have been fortunate enough to procure a conveyance for them, which, though I dare not explain by what means we have accomplished it, is, I trust, secure. Eugenia bids me tell you how impatient she is to hear from you, and that she will write herself, as soon as she has recovered sufficient strength to guide her pen.—She often says, that in your society she could yet know comfort; and as we cannot be detained here long, be assured that as soon as ever my dear father is released, the first use which we shall make of our freedom, will be to fly to you, and endeavour to console you under the afflictions in which we so sincerely sympathize.

CLEMENTINA DE ST. FAR.

LETTER LXV.



Madame de Tourville to Madame de St. Edmund.

Bell-vue.

THERE are wounds, my dear niece, so exquisitely tender that even the most skilful hand cannot administer balm without irritating them. Of this nature are ours ; let us therefore bury them in oblivion, till the lenient touch of time may enable us to remember the moment when they were inflicted, without awakening the anguish which must at present be inseparable from the recollection of them.

Clementina's

Clementina's account of your change of residence distressed me much, though I was indeed prepared for it; but I am thankful that you have not suffered from it, and I must hope that the confinement of so many innocent people can only be of short duration.

I have hitherto remained here unmolested; how long I may continue so I know not.

Seymour writes to me frequently, and is urgent with me not to trust too long to a calm which may be deceitful. He is anxious that I should avail myself of it, to endeavour to seek shelter in England, and flatters me with the hope of being joined there by you, and your sister and father, on the first opportunity after your release from imprisonment, which every one seems

seems inclined to consider as merely temporary. Yet, however that may be, I cannot bear the idea of deserting you in your present situation. Dangers, like pleasures, are magnified by distance; and those to which you are liable would indeed appear dreadful to me when I contemplated them in another country, far removed from you, and deprived of the power of flying to your assistance. I am incapable of forming any resolution—I am incapable of adhering to any. I cannot fix my attention, even on the present; still less can I look to the future, which I may not live to witness.

Adieu, my Eugenia, my Clementina! I must ever be interested in your fate, though I am become almost regardless of my own. Adieu! Believe me

Always your's,

SOPHIE DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER LXVI.



Clementina de St. Far to Madame de Tourville.

L'Abbaye.

A FAINT blush begins to suffuse the lily which has too long reigned triumphant in the cheek of our beloved Eugenia ; and I flatter myself that the acuteness of her grief is yielding to the dictates of reason and resignation. Her recovery, my dear aunt, fills me with the liveliest gratitude to Heaven ; and I think that, were I assured of my dear father's safety, my heart

heart could expand to happiness even within the walls of a prison.

We are here, as you will suppose, a motley assembly of all nations, all ages, and all dispositions.

I was required, on my entrance, to deliver up the contents of my pockets at the door. They were trifling, consisting only of my thimble, pocket-book, thread-case, and a few other small articles. I was, however, deprived of all, even to my scissars; and when I urged to my examiner, that those at least I should require if it were only to enable me to cut my nails: "Oh! Mademoiselle," replied the man, "with your fine teeth you can easily bite them." Is not this trait sufficiently characteristic to convince you, that in every situation a Frenchman will retain the *politesse* and levity by which, I fear, he is more
15 distinguished

distinguished from the inhabitants of other countries, than by any worthier qualities !

It is indeed wonderful, how little impression has been made on the minds of the French people, by the dreadful scenes which they have so lately witnessed. None of these shocking circumstances, the bare recollection of which would stamp horror on the features, seem to have left the least trace in their memory ; they therefore present just the same unmeaning smirking visages as they exhibited before the revolution, when their most important subjects of consideration were, whether the ball or spectacle would be at Versailles or Fontainville : even at this moment, in the immense room where I am writing, which contains with ease one hundred and sixty people, my companions are amusing themselves with teasing an
old

old gentleman whose misfortunes have rendered him morose, and deprived him of the power, and even of the inclination to please.

We are each of us supplied with a small tea-kettle and chafing dish, to boil water for the beverage which all here drink a dozen times in the day, merely *pour passer le tems*, I mean tea, or, for those who are fortunate enough to procure it, coffee. Some of my fellow-prisoners have ingeniously contrived to bore a small hole under the spout of this poor man's kettle, of course the water dropping through it, imperceptibly extinguishes the delicate flame intended to heat it. The jest is heightened by his fretting, and by hearing him complain of his repeated disappointments, whilst the success of this little exploit creates a smile on many a face which had been recently bathed with tears for the privation of
 dear

dear relatives or friends. Nor do the shades of night bring repose to this unfortunate object of spiteful ingenuity. No, during the day, his bed has been strewn with salt by the hand of mischief; he retires to it only to be made uneasy, and after unanswered complaints, fruitless conjectures, and ineffectual endeavours to sleep, he is obliged to rise to shake the bedding, and alter the whole arrangement of it; while titters of ill-suppressed laughter, and whispers of congratulation, are heard throughout the room, which is filled with at least sixty beds, placed indiscriminately, without any regard to sex or condition. Some may be disposed to envy this apathy, and exclaim, "happy are they who can thus forget evils, which no prudence could avert, which no retrospective view could alter!" I am, however, afraid that this want of thought is too nearly allied to want of feeling; and

and it will be long before I again admire the sportive gaiety which I have seen undiminished here, when the fearful would have trembled, and the humane shuddered. Surely posterity, in contemplating this eventful period of our history, will turn from its cruelties with horror, and from its levities with disgust !

Yet I must not write until I become ill-natured. It is a fault sufficient among our companions here to be unhappy, without at the same time appearing splenetic ; and though I am at present excused from playing at cards, from singing, or joining in any of the amusements of the company, yet it is only on account of my sister's delicate state of health, which requires all my attention. Sometimes I fancy that my own is materially injured by the distress which I have witnessed and experienced ; but this is perhaps
only

only the suggestion of despondency. As I sit by my beloved Eugenia, and weep for the sufferings of one so young, so lovely, and so virtuous, my tears flow too for my father, for you, my dear aunt, and for all who are miserable. I am overpowered with sorrow in moments of gloom like the present, but in others I am renovated by hope, and can anticipate the enjoyment of happier days.

In every situation, my dear aunt, our duty and affection to you will remain unchanged, and the certainty of your safety will be a support to us under many trials; be cautious then, and neglect no favourable opportunity of embracing the protection offered to you, as you value the happiness of your Eugenia, and your

CLEMENTINA DE ST. FAR.

LETTER LXVII.



Madame de Tournville to Clémentina de St. Fur.

Calais.

I HAVE finally resolved, my dear nieces, to leave a country which has become insupportable to me from the memory of my misfortunes in it. The kind friend of my lamented son has not forsaken me. With equal difficulty and hazard he has procured me a passport, and has attended me hither, whence I expect to sail for England to-morrow. I shall now soon revisit the country where in my youth I have passed so many happy days.

But,

But, alas ! with what different sensations shall I regard it ! Almost every place wherein the delightful season of youth has been pleasingly spent, inspires, after a long absence, feelings of melancholy and regret in the bosoms of those who enjoy all the blessings of prosperity : what then will mine be ? But let me not think of this ! I trust I have yet many friends in England, and I hope to add to the number the worthy Seymour's family. Ah ! my dear Clementina, if I could only live to see you happily situated among them ! You know how tenderly Seymour loves you, and undisguised, disinterested love like his is too rare, too valuable to be trifled with, or lightly rejected. He speaks of himself with the most amiable modesty. "She does not yet love me, madam," he said to me ; "but I flatter myself that she esteems me ; and I dare trust to my assiduities for inspiring her gentle
bosom

bosom with more tender sentiments. Her friends are mine. My unceasing endeavour shall be to render her happy, and I trust that she will not long refuse to love a man who she will see exists only for her." Surely, my dear child, you may believe him, if faith may be placed in man: for the most unreserved sincerity, the most unwearyed friendship, and unbounded generosity are his. The inestimable virtues of his heart add value to the cultivated powers of his mind; whilst his pleasing appearance and interesting manners complete the whole. My dear child, I have but your happiness, and my darling Eugenia's to pray for. Nothing more can give me pleasure in this world, which now possesses no interest for me. Accept then this amiable young man, who may ensure you comfort and protection. His friends are anxious to see him happy, and will revere the woman who exerts
the

the power which she possesses of making him so. Fortunate shall I consider my interference, if by it I may hope to see you respected in his family, and comfortably situated in that kind and happy nation to whose generous protection I, in common with thousands of my fellow-sufferers, am now compelled to fly. To my poor Eugenia what can I offer? alas! only my tears; but these shall flow in abundance for her. I will press her to my widowed bosom, and call her my child.

When I quitted Belle-vue, which had been during so many years the retreat of domestic happiness, I experienced pangs which are only to be conceived by those who like me have lost all that can make life desirable. And yet what is Belle-vue itself now to me? The empty casket indeed remains, but the precious jewels which it once contained, are for ever lost!

The

The keys are left with poor Claudine. She will deliver them to you, and I hope your old and favourite residence may yet prove a temporary ayslum for you and your father when you are released from your tedious confinement, which I trust will now soon be the case. When it shall happen, I need not exhort you to leave France as soon as possible. Change of scene will be serviceable to my Eugenia; and the hope of once more enjoying your society is the only consolation that remains to me.

Adieu! my dear children! My tears fall fast as I write these words, and consider that the sea will soon roll between us. Once more adieu! and may Heaven protect you and your worthy father, and restore you once more to the arms of

Your affectionate

SOPHIE DE TOURVILLE.

LETTER LXVIII.



Madame de St. Edmund to Madame de Tourville.

Belle-rue.

THE months which have elapsed, my dear aunt, since your arrival in England, must have been tedious in the extreme, and your not having heard from us once during such a length of time, must have given rise to a thousand fears for our safety. This letter will inform you that Clementina and I are in being and at liberty,

berty, but beyond this I can say nothing.

We found it impossible to write during the latter part of our confinement, as all letters were strictly forbidden to be received into, or carried out of the prison, and every precaution was used to ensure the observance of this cruel prohibition.

Our time continued to roll slowly on, in all the uniformity of dullness, interrupted only by occasional vicissitudes of hope and fear, until within the last week, when we were informed that we had permission to depart, for we were declared free. But, alas ! free to be wretched, desolate, and unprotected !

Our inquiries after my dear father had always been treated by our guards with the most insulting

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ing levity or brutal cruelty. The first use which we made of our newly acquired liberty was to repeat them, and too soon we were informed that he had some weeks before fallen a victim to the hatred of his sanguinary persecutors. Alas ! I shudder even now at the dreadful possibility, that at the very moment of his death, unconscious of his sufferings, we might perhaps be indulging in a temporary sensation of gladness, springing from the hope of meeting him soon again. Oh God ! is it possible that those whom we dearly love can die, without inspiring us, even at a distance, with some sad emotions, without exciting some mournful presentiments in the bosoms of their friends !

We learnt the sad particulars of his death from a Swiss gentleman of the name of Marigny, who was his fellow-prisoner in the Hotel de la Force.

By

By him we were informed that my dear father had resigned his life with the firmness and piety by which it had been distinguished. On being denied his last request, which was, that he might be permitted to take leave of his children, he desired the executioner to preserve two locks of his grey hair, and with his dying breath left them to us, accompanied with his blessing. M. de Marigny took the melancholy trust upon himself, and has fulfilled it in the tenderest and most delicate manner. Not satisfied with the mere execution of this task, he insisted on providing for us on our arrival here every thing which might be necessary for our accommodation and comfort.

I tried to thank him, but of late I have had so little occasion to use the language of gratitude, that I was
unable

unable to express myself as I could have wished. I knelt to him and kissed his hands ; and he in return blessed us, and wept over us, for he may say with Virgil's Dido, " Not ignorant of misfortune, I learn to pity the miserable." At this juncture his friendship was peculiarly valuable, as we were deprived of that of Seymour, who, finding it impossible to render us any services during our imprisonment, sought to divert the anxiety which it occasioned him by visiting some friends in Normandy, whence he has not yet returned.

Ah ! my dear aunt, you can imagine our feelings on approaching this once happy spot, from the recollection of your own on leaving it ! We had been so long immured within the cheerless walls of the Abbaye, that if we had been capable of experiencing

perienicing one sensation of enjoyment, it must have been that which the novelties of breathing a pure air, and contemplating an unclouded sky, would have excited. But our hearts were dead to pleasure, and the brilliancy of the sun, which enlivened the beauties of nature, only contrasted more painfully the darkness of our mental gloom.

Drowned in tears, we left a city which, though it had become hateful to us, still contained the remains of our loved, lamented father. Every object on our route proclaimed the dreadful events which had taken place during our absence. Many of the little cottages on the road side, the neatness of which we had so often admired, were burnt, the gardens destroyed, and paltry huts raised out of their ruins, as a temporary refuge for

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the houseless sufferers. We returned from these in pity ; but we shuddered, when we beheld the more dreadful and indisputable proofs of barbarity which remained visible in numberless dead bodies being left unburied in the surrounding ditches. The more nearly we approached Belle-vue, the more painful were our feelings. The Duke de Liancourt's magnificent chateau still reared its stately form, but it also spoke the language of devastation. The trees, which had for ages raised their proud heads majestically towards heaven, were now prostrated ; and the lofty mansion which, whilst they rivalled it in height, they had once guarded, was left exposed to the fury of the elements, and the observation of the enemy. The setting sun was brilliantly reflected from the windows, and his beams gilded the rich surrounding vale ; but they seemed only to

to shine upon ruin, and to illuminate a scene of desolation.

When we came within two miles of my dear aunt's much loved and honoured abode, the moon rose in unclouded majesty, and calmly pursued her uninterrupted silent course through the heavens.

“My dear sister,” said Clementina, “how trivial must our joys or griefs appear to an inhabitant of the heavenly regions! With what serenity, with what dignity that beauteous luminary appears to move! She witnesses the concerns of the world on which she looks down with pity, though without permitting them to interrupt her tranquillity. Even so may our dear friends at this moment look down upon us, whilst their pity for our sorrows tarnishes not the perfection

of their own felicity, in which they may hope that we shall ere long be allowed to participate." As she said this, I pressed her hand within mine ; and subdued by feelings of tender regret, we did not seek to repress our tears, when the carriage stopped at the door. Poor Claudine brought the keys, and endeavoured to welcome us ; but her looks only were eloquent, and they addressed me in a language, with which scenes of misery have made me but too well acquainted.

Changed and desolate indeed appears this place, where once I passed the only happy hours which I have ever known. Too truly you have styled it the deserted casket of jewels which are now for ever lost, and will be for ever mourned. Oh, Henry! my dear Henry! sole object of my breaking heart ! when shall I become resigned

signed to our untimely separation! Oh, heavenly Father! teach me to submit to thy decrees, and let me not presume to call them severe! I was roused from a train of torturing remembrances, by my anxiety for Clementina, who was overcome with the fatigue of her journey. Alas! I have said in my despair, that my sorrows could not admit of addition. Yes! I have presumed to murmur, and to say, that life had no ties to interest me. But now the decline of my sister's health teaches me, that the most wretched cannot say when the cup of woe will not admit of increase. Oh, painful, agonizing trial, to witness the decay of those we love! The tortured mind, which is at one moment irradiated with the cheering beams of hope, is at the next plunged into all the gloom of the most dread despondency: sometimes it is racked
with

with all the anxiety of doubt, at others it sinks under the torpor of despair, whilst an undefinable presentiment of misery wafts incessantly across the agitated heart !

Clementina has shewn consumptive symptoms ever since my last visit to you : they daily gain ground. Her cough appears to my terrified imagination the knell of departing life ; and the hectic bloom with which it paints her cheek, and adds new lustre to her beauty, seems to me to be the banner of death rejoicing in the prospect of his victory. Yet it can be no crime to hope ; and as she long watched over me, and her cares were successful, Heaven may perhaps listen to my prayers, and reward them by her returning health.

Adieu, my dear aunt ! A few weeks
will

will probably terminate our residence here, if Clementina should be sufficiently recovered in that time to bear the fatigue of travelling, and we should be fortunate enough to procure passports. We shall then bend our course to England, which is at present endeared to us by being the place of your residence. Let us hope to meet you in health and peace, and believe me to remain ever yours,

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER LXIX

Madame de St. Edmund to Madame de Tourville.

Belle-vue.

“Of joys past, never to return, how painful is the remembrance!”

ALAS! my dear aunt, I cannot forget the happy fleeting days of my youth, when a thousand uncertain and inexpressible ideas of future felicity, floating in my mind, inspired me with the most delicious sensations; and I cannot but contrast those with the sensations which I at present feel.

I have

I have indeed been severely tried, yet let me not repine ! How many adored lovers, how many idolized sons, and revered parents has death made pale, silent, and insensible !

Tears of agony have not been confined to my eyes ; and who shall presume to say that his lot is the most miserable which has fallen to the share of man ! Let me derive good from evil, and let the unhappiness which I have suffered chasten and correct my heart. I am thankful that it is not hardened by its sufferings. Oh no ! it has been taught to feel tenderly for those of others. I consider all the children of sorrow as my kindred, and whilst I can wipe one tear from the cheek of misery, I feel that life has still some claims upon my interest.

But, alas ! my dear aunt, my Clementina sinks daily : the blast of adversity has been too rough for this sweet flower, which has drooped under its severity, and support is offered too late, for the stem is already broken. Seymour has been our visitor during some days. It is impossible to describe the anxiety with which my sister's situation inspired him ; he actually trembled whilst he looked on her ; and indeed her beauty, in the present stage of her disease, appears so exquisite and highly wrought, that the wondering eye almost expects every instant to see it subliming into air. The vivid crimson of her cheeks, and sparkling lustre of her eyes, too surely proclaim the hopelessness of her situation. To weep over her is all I now can do.—Alas ! when shall I cease to weep ?

You

You know, my dear aunt, that the spring, though generally considered as the most cheerful and interesting of seasons, was never a favourite with me. The reluctant advance of the timid year, the little flowerets afraid to peep from their buds, the chirpings of a few birds, the voices of the children in the village, just venturing out to resume their long-restrained sports, and all the accompaniments of spring, inspired me with melancholy even in my happiest days, and they now make it appear to me yet more dreary than the solitude and inclemency of winter.

Seymour left us yesterday, and betrayed at parting such strong emotions, that Clementina, almost for the first time, appeared affected by them; and seemed to be equally agitated with himself. On seeing this, he immediately

ly

ly made an effort to assume the semblance of composure. He accordingly took his leave with tolerable firmness, after having requested permission to visit us again as soon as he had transacted some business of importance, which required his presence in Paris.

After his departure, to dissipate the gloom thrown over us by the loss of so esteemed and agreeable a companion, we walked till we found ourselves close to the Duke de Liancourt's chateau, which, when children, we were so delighted to visit. Alas! he is no more—he has fallen a sacrifice to the cruelty of the times. His exalted rank was his only crime, and all the virtues with which he adorned it could not save him.

A few domestics only remain from the splendid retinue which once inhabited

habited the hospitable walls. The house-keeper who saw us, respectfully requested us to enter, and perceiving that Clementina was weary, I gladly accepted her invitation.

Whilst my sister was recovering from her fatigue, I wandered through the spacious rooms, with a melancholy conviction of the uncertainty of worldly possessions. The rich damask hangings were torn down, the valuable paintings defaced, the furniture destroyed, and the lofty mirrors, which had often reflected the brightest beauties of the gayest court in Europe, now threw from their dull surfaces, only one wretched solitary figure, who almost started to find herself thus alone in a place where once had thronged knights and squires, and ladies fair and barons bold. I involuntarily repeated from
Ossian

Ossian, "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they are desolate; the song had resounded in the hall, but the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls; the thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind; the fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass waved round his head. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield." Such were the sad reflections which crowded into my mind, and tempted me to envy the lot of those who are already at rest. I am young, but adversity has given me a premature old age, and taught me to withdraw my affections from
earthly

earthly things. Alas ! I have no merit in offering my heart an early sacrifice to heaven, for "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." Every worldly hope is buried in my Henry's grave, and I am only enabled to pursue my weary pilgrimage through this life, by the conviction that every day brings me nearer to its termination. Adieu, my dear aunt ! Believe me to remain, with every sentiment of gratitude and affection,

Your's most sincerely,

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER LXX.



Madame de St. Edmund to Madame de Tourville.

Belle-vue.

SHE is gone, my dear aunt! for ever gone! The loved companion of my infancy, the last bequest of my expiring mother, my sole remaining treasure, is gone! Oh God! am I to be left alone in the world? Yet, pardon me, presumptuous being that I am! it is not for me to arraign thy decrees!

decrees! And yet, could I see this fair flower untimely blasted, without weeping over it? Oh, no! my tears must fall. Alas! they will fall, and with increased anguish, from the sad conviction that they fall in vain.

My poor Clementina's health had of late declined so rapidly, that she became unable to leave her room; the night before the last, she was so visibly altered, that I was inexpressibly alarmed by her situation, and wrote to Seymour, to acquaint him with the change.

Last night she again relapsed, but was not so ill as on the preceding evening. She, however, requested me to join her in prayer, saying, that she might not be so able to perform that awful and indispensable duty if it were longer delayed. After we had con-
cluded

cluded our devotions, she appeared perfectly easy, and said to me, with a most heavenly calm upon her countenance, "Sister, though we are very young, we have had great afflictions. Yet, let us on no account repine. They are by no means unparalleled, and we have much to be thankful for; and particularly for the aid which we have at all times received under them, from a due sense of religion. Our dear mother, by imprinting its important truths on our youthful minds, gave us the power to bear her loss with becoming fortitude; and by its aid we have been supported through trials under which we must have sunk had we depended wholly on human fortitude to sustain us in them. Never, my dear Eugenia, give way for one moment to despair, which is as derogatory to a rational being, as it is impious in a religious one. A God of kindness

kindness and love will not visit us with afflictions beyond what we can support, or which are too severe to be serviceable to us. He has not created us that he should be regardless of us; and we are justified in hoping, that a knowledge of our capabilities of enjoying happiness is not bestowed upon us merely to render the pains of disappointment more severe.

“My poor Eugenia,” continued she, melting into tears, “if I die, you will lose a sister whose affection and attention I had hoped would in time have restored you to tranquillity. Yet, though I be not spared to console you, do not give way to hopeless grief; let not the languor of dejection weaken the energies of a mind so strong and cultivated, but rather call them to your assistance. Remember
ber

ber that, 'Whom God loveth he chasteneth,' and that our separation, though painful, is not for ever."

Overcome by her emotions, she at length paused. In the agitation which accompanied her conversation, her fine light hair had become unfastened, and fell from under her cap in a profusion of ringlets. She curled one of them round her ivory fingers, saying, Poor Seymour may not arrive here to receive my last wishes for his welfare ; but you shall give him a lock of this hair, which I have heard him call beautiful. I am afraid," added she, with a sweet, though melancholy smile, "I am afraid he loves me, and perhaps I should not have been so apparently careless of his regard, had I not forcibly felt for some months past that my time was too short to authorize me to occupy it in the cultivation

tivation of an earthly love, and that I should probably not long be spared to make him happy, even if I possessed the power of doing it.

“Our motives will not bear to be too narrowly searched into. I fear the temporary desire that I felt for a conventual life, which you attributed solely to my desire of dedicating myself to a life of religion and tranquillity, originated more from disgust with a world wherein I saw that respect depended on riches, and that not even my Eugenia’s virtues could insure her the happiness she deserved.” She again appeared fatigued with speaking, and complied with the request which I made to her to remain silent, and endeavour to compose herself to rest.

The stillness around us was only
interrupted

interrupted by the sound of the regular tickings of a watch, which seemed to remind my poor Clementina that every moment brought her existence nearer to its close. In the hope that she might gain some repose, I leaned in silence over the embers which threw a mournful gleam across the room. Past events arose slowly to my memory, and followed each other in melancholy procession through my mind. For a few minutes I was diverted by the contemplation of them from my anxiety on account of my beloved sister, whose life seemed to hang on a thread so fine, that I feared lest every breath she drew for its support might break the imperceptible link which yet held her to mortality.

I was presently roused by her voice, the feeble tones of which entered into my soul. I ran immediately to the
bed-side:

bed-side :—she looked up to me and pressed my hand, and with that slight effort her pure spirit was released, and left the lovely clay, which still retained the smile of innocence and peace that played around her lips as life departed from them.

So tranquilly she died that I repressed the shriek of agonized despair, which was ready to burst from my bosom, lest I should disturb the insensibility which so much I envied ; and I continued to gaze in speechless grief on this young and beauteous creature, thus cut off in the bloom of her almost spotless life. She died for the sufferings of others, not for her own. My unhappiness and her father's death were trials too severe for a frame of which the delicacy was only equalled by its beauty. She has fallen a victim to sensibility, and has left me a prey to new sorrows, to de-
plore

plore her loss, whilst I endeavour to imitate her worth.

I stooped to kiss her cheek, but already the colour was deserting it, and it was waxing cold. The chillness which met my lips seemed to glide into my heart; I fainted, and became nearly as insensible as her over whom I mourned.

From this state I was recovered by the cares of the affectionate Claudine, who, hearing me fall, had come to my assistance. The poor creature wept with me, and her tears redoubled mine. Alas! she lamented the child of her almost maternal cares, and I the sister of my soul. She deplored the deserted state of Bellevue, and I the solitary wretchedness of my own heart. The sun rose and animated surrounding nature, whilst
my

my Clementina only remained cold and motionless. As I went to the window, I saw the peasants were commencing their daily labour. All without seemed happy, whilst I alone was miserable, and I turned from the cheerful faces which met my eyes with sensations mingled with injustice, for I thought every one unkind whose countenance was gay. Again I wept in agony over my sister ; again I contemplated the wonderful work of death, and my mind was filled with the most solemn thoughts inspired by the awful scene. At this moment I heard the sound of a carriage rapidly approaching the gates: my throbbing heart foreboded the arrival of Seymour. It was he, and I lost the sense of my own unhappiness in the sympathy which was excited by the idea of his. We feel deeply for others, when their misfortunes are

similar to our own, and I would gladly have hidden myself from his eyes, whose first inquiring glance was certain to inspire me with new regrets.

But I had no time to deliberate. Claudine knocked at the door, and Seymour entered immediately after.—Exhausted by fatigue, and trembling with anxiety, the inquiry that he would have made died upon his lips; but from the low tone of his voice, and the impatient look which he cast towards the closed curtains, I was painfully convinced, that to me Claudine had left the sad task of informing him of our great and mutual loss. My tears and silence sufficiently explained it; and the wretched Seymour threw himself on the bed in an agony of grief. “Cold image of my love!” he exclaimed, “through life adored, how shall I part with thee, even to death?
Oh!

Oh! teach me thy own patience and resignation!" He sobbed aloud, and as the contemplation of grief is more intolerable even than the endurance of it, I quitted a scene, which was too affecting to be calmly witnessed.

It was long before I could acquire resolution to entreat Seymour to be more composed; it was long ere I could succeed in my entreaties, and prevail on him to tear himself from the inanimate form which was no longer sensible of his attentions. He bitterly regretted having left Belle-vue, and dwelt with fruitless grief on his having been absent the few days which he might have spent in her society.

"It is melancholy," said he, "to watch the decline of those we love, and to see them paying every day an increased tribute to mortality; but it

is still more dreadful to reflect, that we neglected to enjoy, even for one moment, a treasure of which the next deprives us for ever !”

He entreated me again always to consider him as a brother, and made a solemn vow before Heaven never to forsake me. Generous friend ! there needed not vows to confirm his actions, which have been uniformly such as I might expect from the chosen companion of my beloved Henry. Alas ! I cannot yet trust myself with that lamented name. Though my heart whispers it to me incessantly, my hand trembles as I write it, whilst my eyes are suffused with tears as I look upon it. Adieu ! my dear aunt, I am weak alike in mind and body.

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER LXXI.

Madame de St. Edmund to Madame de Tourville.

Belle-vue.

THE treasure which my mother on her death-bed bequeathed to me, I last night consigned to the cold grave. Sweet spirits! are you already reunited in the regions of eternal bliss? or do ye still hover round your hapless Eugenia?

Alas! amidst all the deaths which have obscured the horizon of my existence with untimely clouds, I
had

had still my Clementina to support and console me. She is the only one over whom I have been allowed to weep with chastened grief, and whose remains I have been enabled to contemplate with devout awe. My unfortunate husband's were thrown into one common receptacle, without being distinguished from those of robbers, murderers, and traitors, and unhallowed by religious rites. My dear father's were denied the tribute of his children's tears; and thine, my Henry, my murdered love, where are thine? Alas! the pale, bloody, and cold remains, what would it avail me to be near them? Yet did Belle-vue contain thy ashes, no strength should draw me from them, nor even though every moment agonized me with the recollection of days of happiness never to be recalled, and which are gone never to return!

Yes;

Yes ; I have delivered up my sister to the relentless grave. I saw the earth cover her, and my blood froze in my veins, as I heard it fall upon her coffin : then did I humble myself before Heaven, and implore of it that my anguish at that moment might expiate every fault of which I might involuntarily or ignorantly have been guilty. I wept until nature was exhausted, and my heart felt a gleam of comfort as I reflected that Clementina was at least exempted from sufferings like mine. Ah ! it is indeed the survivor who dies, and death is enviable when compared with the misery which it inflicts on those whom it spares !

Seymour solicits me to leave France immediately, and has kindly offered to accompany me himself to England. Alas ! by what fetters am I still bound to my ill-fated country, when every bond is broken, and every
remembrance

remembrance inspires only horror or regret? Yet, when I look at the surrounding objects which were once endeared to me by every tender tie, and when I revisit the scenes of my infantile sports, and youthful hopes, I say to myself, perhaps I behold them for the last time, never more may I return to them: every thing then immediately acquires additional value in my eyes, and I feel that local attachment will remain after every other is blighted. I feel that my heart still overflows with the tenderest affection, and sensibility, and I exclaim with the Scythian, "Can I say to the bones of my forefathers, arise and follow me into a foreign land?" Yet painful as is the effort, I have resolved! The country which contains you, my dearest madam, would tempt me to it through every difficulty; nor will I suffer unavailing regret for the dead to interrupt my duty to the living. Let
me

me then call you my mother, and oh, let me also, if possible, forget that I deprived you of your child ! To you I shall willingly dedicate every future moment of my existence. But, alas ! I can only bring you a faded person, ruined fortunes, and a broken heart : a mind dwelling on the past with regret, as fruitless as it is bitter ; viewing the present with an indifference bordering on disgust ; and looking to the future without fear, as it is without hope. But can I call this submission to the will of Heaven ? Oh no ! I must oppose fortitude to despair, and resignation to suffering.

Adieu, my dear aunt ! In my next I hope to inform you when you may expect to see your devoted

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER LXXII.

Madame de St. Edmund to Madame de Tourville.

Belle-vue.

YOUR letters, my dear aunt, have been inestimable treasures to me; they have taught me resignation, and more than that I must not hope to learn.—The most incontrovertible arguments of philosophy, however exalted, could do no more. They can only teach the wretched to disguise their sufferings, for to forget them is impossible. The bosom may learn to suppress its anguished sighs, but they will swell the heart!

I have passed a most melancholy autumn! In the spring, when I had the
heart-

heart-rending employment of watching with trembling solicitude and prophetic sorrow over the decay of my innocent and suffering Clementina, I then blamed the season, and said it is the tardy advance of the year which makes me sad; in the summer the beauties of nature will be brilliant and confirmed, and amidst them my spirits will revive.

At length summer came robed in gay luxuriance, and every thing bloomed with fresh vigour. But Clementina's health, and my heart continued to wither, regardless of the rich and fragrant scenery around us. My sister died, and I found the autumnal gloom accordant with the depression of my feelings. The sighs of the departing year were responsive to my own. The decay of nature pleased me, as I repeated to myself,

“Time journeys through the roughest day;”

and soon will the period arrive, when,
after

after the winter of death, we shall awake to never-fading spring, and continue it through endless ages, in regions where felicity is perfect, and change unknown.

How is it, my dear madam, that the remembrance of those days, which approached to the extreme bounds of agony, is not displeasing to the mind? I have now a melancholy satisfaction in retracing scenes which, at the time they took place, were almost insupportable. Is it that, like shipwrecked mariners, we look back in conscious security on the dangers which we have surmounted, and are grateful for having escaped them, even by being cast upon a desert.

The period will soon arrive, my dear madam, when I shall have the satisfaction of embracing you. Our sorrows will be lessened by participation, and
time,

time, the lenient assuager of afflictions, will pour balm into the wounds which a most relentless adversity has inflicted on us. Seymour has applied in vain to the Convention for some small portion of my father's property, which was confiscated at the time of his death. The repeated delays which this unwearied friend has experienced would have worn out any assiduity but his; at length, however, he has received a decisive answer, that the decrees of that assembly were unalterable, and thus it is that they add injustice to cruelty. I shall return to you poor, but not destitute. Thank Heaven I still possess riches of which I cannot be deprived, and which will enable me to support myself without becoming a burthen upon your reduced income. I am mistress of music and drawing: in my situation, these accomplishments are treasures, which will secure my independence, so long

as I retain the blessings of health and an independent mind.

Seymour has been urgent with me to accept an abode in his family, as a companion to his sister; and they have already written to me on the subject, in the most elegant and friendly manner. But I am persuaded that a life of occupation will be serviceable to me, and that the deprivation of wealth, which would be considered by many as an aggravation of misfortune, may be kindly intended to alleviate mine, by compelling me to bestow that portion of time on procuring a subsistence, which might otherwise be wasted in the fruitlessness of regret, encouraged by the vacuity of idleness.

Adieu, my dear aunt! I hope soon to assure you in person of the warm affection, and unalterable esteem of

Your's most sincerely,

EUGENIA DE ST. EDMUND.

LETTER LXXIII.

Charles Seymour to Mrs. Seymour;

Dover:

At length, my dear mother, I am restored, after innumerable risks and dangers, to my native country, from which I can never wander, without forming such comparisons in its favour as render my return to it doubly grateful.

My impatience to see you and my sisters would have urged me to proceed to London immediately after my arrival here; but I have now another interest, which is superior to that of my own gratification; I must be
guided

guided intirely by the inclinations of the lovely and unfortunate Madame de St. Edmund, whom I have had the happiness to conduct hither in safety. If any thing could tend to increase the pleasure with which I always draw near to a home, endeared to me by domestic felicity and elegant conversation, it would be the prospect of introducing this interesting woman to your acquaintance. You do not indeed, I trust, consider her as altogether a stranger to you, and I hope that her near relationship to the only woman whom I ever loved, and whose early departure from the world has clouded all my prospects of future happiness, would alone endear her to you, if she did not possess in herself every claim to the highest regard which you can bestow upon her.

Grief

Grief has tarnished the lustre of her beauty, without withering its sweetness; and, "fancy contrasting her past bloom with her present languor, supplies perhaps as much to the mind, as is lost to the eye. She suffers without complaining, mourns without ostentation; and speaks of her departed friends with such solemn floods of tears, that she looks like the original of Dryden's beautiful picture of the weeping Sigismunda." In her sorrow there is none of the moroseness that sullenly rejects comfort: every endeavour to console her is accepted with gentleness and gratitude; and all who compassionate her, must be flattered by the complacency with which their attentions are received.

Her departure from Belle-vue was a severe trial to her feelings, which, though

though exquisitely fine by nature, are rendered yet more tremblingly alive to sensations of regret, by the long irritation of adversity. With difficulty could she be drawn from the spot where every thing reminded her of some deceitful hope, or some departed joy. As we passed through Amiens, we had a melancholy duty to fulfil, in visiting the tomb of my innocent and lovely Clementina, who is buried in the cathedral there. The hand of devastation was strongly visible in every part of the sacred edifice. The tattered crimson hangings, the defaced paintings, and mutilated statues, all marked the despoiler's progress.

Eugenia wept, whilst with an anxiety like that of a miser looking for his treasure, she sought for particular monuments which she had been accustomed

customed to admire and revere. At length we arrived at a white marble slab, on which was an urn, with the simple inscription of, "Farewell, Clementina !" Underneath was the name and age of this young and beauteous victim, over whose grave we mingled our tears; nor shall I attempt to describe our feelings when we tore ourselves from a spot which was hallowed by the ashes of one so dear to us. After a melancholy journey we arrived at Calais, where we had only a few hours to rest after our fatigues, before we embarked.

The colour forsook Eugenia's cheeks when she beheld the vessel which was to convey her, perhaps for ever, from her native shores. It floated lightly along the calm waters, which sparkled with the sun's meridian rays. The glittering sails were hoisted to catch the warm and gentle breeze, which

which might seem to invite the spectators to suffer it to waft them over the liquid silver: but to Eugenia the scene bore a different aspect: she regarded with horror the waste of waters which were shortly to separate her from a country where, notwithstanding the distressing scenes she had witnessed, and the calamities she had suffered in it, her affections still lingered; and in leaving it, she seemed to abandon every hope of returning happiness. When the captain informed us that the wind was fair, and that he could not delay weighing anchor, she knelt upon the earth, and kissed it in an agony of despair, exclaiming, "Farewell, farewell, my native land! beloved even amidst the tumults which distract thee, amidst the convulsions by which thou art overwhelmed. Ashes of my parents and of my friends, farewell! I go, but my heart remains with you: it

it will not quit my native country, though I, and thousands as unhappy as I am, are obliged to seek refuge on foreign shores, and in more tranquil climes. Oh, heavenly Father!" she continued, raising her clasped hands in prayer, "let my misguided countrymen see their error; teach them to penitently return to thee; forgive their wanderings, and grant that they may finally become a virtuous, wise, and happy nation!" She wept some minutes longer in silence, then rising, said with a faint smile, "now we will depart." When on board the vessel she kissed her hand gracefully to the crowd, who, attracted by her beauty, and sympathizing in her uncommon emotions, pressed round to bid their adieux, and remained on the beach until we could no longer discern them. The white cliffs of Albion soon presented themselves to our view.

Imme-

Immediately on our arrival we were greeted by Madame de Tourville; and I am happy to say, that though a very affecting meeting took place between her and Eugenia, the latter now appears composed, and even cheerful in the society of her worthy aunt. Sincerely do I hope that this truly exalted young woman will yet find comfort in a world to which she has given so bright an example of the triumph of virtue over human suffering. In all her trials she has been supported by conscious rectitude, which will always carry with it its own reward, by ensuring to us the sweetest of all reliefs under suffering, our own approbation. The horror which the sudden and dreadful death of her husband inspired was unmixed with remorse, for never even in thought had her guileless bosom injured him. Her lover was torn from
her

her at the moment when the passion which she had before smothered with unshaken firmness ceased to be a fault. But the tears which fell in torrents to his memory lost their bitterness, by the reflection that her attachment had been such as approving angels might have witnessed, and, as she may humbly hope, will glow with purified ardour in the kingdoms of eternal love, of the happiness of which, all our finest and most exalted sensations here are only a fore-taste. To her father and my lamented Clementina she had been all that a parent and a sister could desire, for her life was devoted to obedience and affection. May we not then almost wonder that she should be subjected to such varied and unparalleled trials? may we not with apparent reason be surprised that a heart like hers should be endued with the most exquisite sensibility,

sensibility, only to be racked with the keenest anguish? Abounding in benevolence, and open to every impulse of humanity, it is deprived of all on whom it would have lavished its affections: disappointment has chilled it, and it is withering under the influence of sorrow. And yet we see every day instances as painful and as unaccountable: we see the hand of generosity withheld by poverty, the spirit of freedom enchained by dependence, and the fire of genius repressed by neglect. We see modest merit abashed by the contemptuous sneer of pride, industrious poverty oppressed by ill-gotten wealth, and suffering virtue sinking under the power of triumphant vice. Instances of this kind we see constantly, and yet we are not justified in repining, for might not "the poor beetle which we tread upon" with equal reason
urge

urge, that the beauties of creation had better never have existed, than that it should have been called into being only to expire in useless torments? Were we inclined to look for good as narrowly as we search for evil, we should probably find that the former greatly predominates, much of which it is impossible to discern the immediate utility of, any more than of the bitter, though perhaps salutary, portion of evil which is allotted to us.

“ For ask why the flow’ret so sweetly will blow,
“ Which none but the hermit is able to know?
“ Why the wild woods re-echo with melody clear,
“ Which none but the huntsman is destin’d to
hear?”

In all situations, and under all circumstances, to enjoy with temperance, and resign with fortitude, is
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enough to know, in a world where it must needs be "that evil will come."

" And be it so; let those deplore their doom,
" Whose hopes still grovel in this dark sojourn:
" But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
" Can smile at fate, and wonder how they
 mourn.

" What though below fair virtue oft must strive
" With disappointment, penury, and pain:
" Yet Heaven's immortal spring shall still arrive,
" And man's majestic beauty bloom again
" Bright thro' th' eternal year of love's triumph-
 ant reign !"

Adieu !

CHARLES SEYMOUR.

THE END.



